HOOKED ON BETTING!

110 Coaches Pick College Basketball's All-Time All-Americas

HOOKED ON BETTING!
A Sports Gambler's
Startling Confession

Ernie Banks & Ron Santo: What The Cubs Are Going To Do Right This Year

In The Pit At The Super Bowl

Why I Want Out Of The ABA By Rick Barry

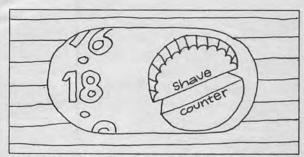
Johnny (teen

Willis Reed: The Knick Who Powers The Machine

WILLIS REED

Measurably long... immeasurably cool COME ALL THE WAY UP TO KOOL FILTER LONGS

Norelco can shave you closer than a blade, and count how many times it does it.



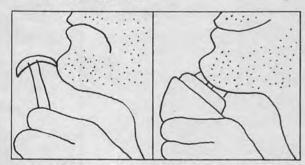
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17,18 shaves. On a single charge.

The Norelco Rechargeable Tripleheader Shaver was made to do two things:

To shave you as close or closer than a stainless steel razor blade.

And to give you up to twice as many shaves per charge as any other rechargeable shaver.

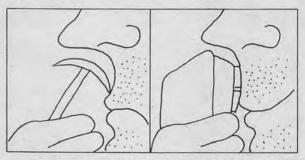
Here's how it works.



The Rechargeable Tripleheader has 18 selfsharpening rotary blades, inside of 3 Microgroove™ shaving heads. The heads actually *float*, to follow your face.

They go in where your face curves in, and out where your face curves out.

And because the blades are *rotary*, they shave your beard in every direction at once. (If you don't think that means anything, feel your face. Feel how your beard grows in different directions on different parts of your face?)



The Norelco Tripleheader also has a pop-up trimmer, so you can see exactly what you're trimming.

It has a Charge Indicator that lights up when it's charging.

It has a Shave Counter to count your shaves.

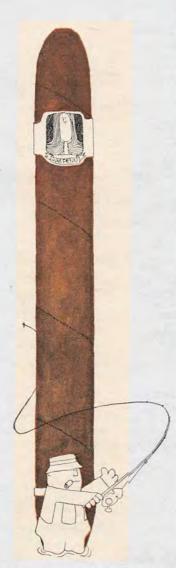
And it gives you nearly twice as many shaves per charge as any other rechargeable.

So if you're shaving with a blade, feel around your chin and neck and upper lip.

If it feels like you could use a closer shave, get yourself a Norelco Rechargeable.

And shave your whole face for a change.





A day with the all day cigar.

With Wm Penn cigars along, a trout stream can last all day. Even without the trout.

Because Wm Penn is the All Day Cigar, mild enough to please all day and never wear out its welcome.

One reason, Wm Penn's mild shade leaf wrapper. It's for real.

So choose your favorite shape, Perfecto or Panatela. You can't buy a milder cigar for the price. Take along plenty and make a

day of it.

Wm Penn

24TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SPORT

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COVER CREDIT: Willis Reed / MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

THE CONTEST FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER WON A CONTEST.

You can't lose.

Everyone who enters wins first prize, an 18" x 24" original Mort Drucker poster. (It's not exactly a cabin cruiser, but at least you're a winner.)

Second prize (for the big loser) is an MG Midget Sports Car. (Car buffs please note: The Midget features a 4-speed gear box, twin carburetion, spoke wheels, and a 62 hp engine.)



You can't wear black socks with everything.

First prize: 18" x 24" Poster

Additional prizes in Esquire Socks Downy Touch contest (it runs from March 15 to April 30) include Yamaha motorcycles, record albums and a host of other prizes.

To enter, visit your local men's furnishing store or department store and look for the Downy Touch display. While you're there pick up a pair of Esquire Socks Downy Touch. They come in 55 colors and cost only \$1.50. It's your big chance to become a winner, and get a pretty neat poster at the same time. **Esquire Socks**® **Downy Touch**™



THIS MONTH IN SPORT

Al Hirshberg's story on Mike Andrews in this issue (page 50) is his zillionth for SPORT. Actually, it's not quite a zillion, but the Old Master, as he likes to be called by his friends (and he has no enemies), is moving fast toward that figure. Hirshberg professes to be "one of the old slobs of the freelance writing profession," but he is not so old and absolutely not a slob-just a fantastically prolific writer. He estimates that he has written 300 to 400 magazine stories, not to mention 32 books. One of his big books was Fear Strikes Out, a happy collaboration with Jim Piersall that is selling almost as well today as when it was first published in 1955.

Al's first byline in SPORT appeared in 1947, a story on Milt Schmidt of the Boston Bruins. It was a hoax, he confesses. He did the research for the story, another man wrote it. But, because the other writer already had his byline in the same issue, the editors decided to put Hirshberg's name on the Schmidt story. Everything since written for SPORT has been pure Hirshberg.

The Old Master moves around pretty good. He winters with his lovely wife Marge in Brookline, Massachusetts. Then, around Memorial Day, the Hirshbergs move south to their home on Cape Cod. There Al works in a thirdfloor tower room that, he says, looks like a Coast Guard station and comes to a point. We will resist any elaboration on that compelling statistic. Hirshberg also customarily takes a month or so in Florida around spring training time. In fact, as you read this, he is probably slapping madly at the typewriter in our interest while watching the sun dip over Tampa Bay. That's what you call life-style.

AL HIRSHBERG



We were saddened by the recent death of Rudy York, but consoled to know that before his passing we were able to reaquaint you with a marvelous power hitter of the 1940s in one of our first "Where Have You Gone?" features (November 1969). York's death also reminded us of one of the most poignant stories ever published in SPORT. Called "A Letter To My Son," it was Rudy York telling his boy about all the mistakes he had made in his life, how he had earned \$250,000 in his major-league career and, when it was all over, had nothing to show for it. "I want to save you the heartaches I've had," York wrote. "I want to tell you about the mistakes you might make before you make them. I want you to have everything I had plus the advantage of an assured future. . . . Look around you. You can learn something every day. Listen. . . . I made enough mistakes for both of us. Let it stay that way. . . . Your Dad, Rudy York."

Last August we ran a SPORT Special entitled: "Willie Mays, Yesterday and Today," by Roger Kahn, We've felt all along that it was a classic, but it's nice to have that judgment confirmed by other, less partial observers. There was solid confirmation recently when Irving T. Marsh and Edward Ehre, editors of the annual "Best Sports Stories" volume, announced that Kahn's piece was chosen as the No. 1 magazine sports article of 1969. The three judges-Red Smith, John Hutchens and John Chamberlain-unanimously awarded first prize to Kahn. "Best Sports Stories" is published by E. P. Dutton late each spring and contains a feast of good sports reading.

For Roger Kahn, one of our Contributing Editors, this is his second straight triumph. The year before he won with an article on goalie Glenn Hall which, alas, was written for another magazine. Is there a hat trick in Mr. Kahn's future? Might be. His SPORT Special on Lew Alcindor this past February will be tough to beat.

See you next month, with Tom Seaver on our cover, Terry Bradshaw inside, and Rusty Staub, and Dickie Post, and the Esposito brothers . . . and surprises, surprises.

albelulinan

SPORT



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SPORT TALK BY BOB RUBIN

DURABLE—AND HOWE!

Exactly one-quarter of the 28 players listed on the Detroit Red Wings' preseason roster were not yet born when Gordie Howe began his rookie season in the NHL 24 years ago. For years the incredibly durable Mongoose has defied predictions of his imminent decline and retirement, and this year, as an ancient 41-year-old, he seems almost as good as ever.

Almost. "The only difference between me now and in the earlier years is that I come up with more bad games now from being a little tired," says Howe, the holder of just about every career scoring record in the book. "Or put it this way, I don't have as many real good games. I used to be able to go night after night, killing penalties, playing on the power play, going the whole route. Now I don't get as many assignments on the ice as I used to. If I'm feeling good, it means nothing to me to do all the things I used to, but I find I don't feel that good that often anymore."

Dry your tears. Howe still feels good enough often enough to rank as one of the best around. Picked to play in his 21st All-Star game earlier this season, he scored a first-period goal that broke a 1-1 tie and led to a 4-1 victory for the East (see page 30). In regular season play, he had 16 goals and 22 assists at the end of January for 38 points and a tie for 17th among NHL scorers. He is not thinking about quitting. "I'll quit when it ceases to be fun," he said, "and I must say that I think I'll have to be hurting pretty good for it to cease to be fun. I've always said that I'll probably never retire-they'll have to fire me. I do know I want to play next season to make it an even 25 years, then I'll take it from there. Until then, all I'm looking ahead to is the next goal and the next win. I still get a charge out of every one as they come along, though I must admit that I don't consider myself the nervous or exciteable type anymore, at least as far as hockey is concerned. I think I get more nervous now on a golf course than I do on a hockey rink. I used to be a pretty good golfer at one time, but I've neglected my game too much."

It has been written that Howe wants to play until his oldest son Marty is ready to join him in the NHL's first fatherand-son act. He laughs and denies it. "It would be nice, but hell, he's only just turning 16," Howe said in January.

Marty and his 14-year-old brother Mark play for the Olympic Insurance Junior Club and their proud father rates them both "pretty good." Proud father was then asked if playing hockey presented any special problems to Gordie Howe's sons, and he replied, "If it has, they're hiding it extremely well."

Howe paused. "Well, once I was watching them play in the Pee Wee League and some lady shouted, 'Get one of the Howes!' So I asked her why, and she said, 'It's the only way we're going to win.' I told her, 'Are you really stressing winning that much? If it's that important, I think I'll call the boys off the ice and let you win.' She asked, 'What's it to you?' I said, 'The Howes are my boys.' She almost choked."

An angry Gordie Howe has made burly men choke, too, though he tries to laugh off his well-deserved reputation as one of hockey's tough guys. "That's been blown all out of proportion," he said. "I play the game hard, that's all. I don't believe in fighting. We don't get paid for that. Besides, fighting takes so damned much out of you. Those fighters train a long time, you know."

In truth, Howe does get paid for fighting, when it's done to teach a cheeky defenseman some respect. He has gotten paid quite a bit for it during the course of his career, and he has invested the money wisely. Today Gordie Howe is a wealthy man, and he's going to get wealthier. If he completed his 25th sea-

son and quit next year, the new NHL pension plan would entitle him to \$7500 annually for life, beginning at age 45. If he waited until he was 65 to collect, he'd get \$25,000 annually for life.

How long, you're wondering, can a man expect to live after 65? In Howe's case, perhaps longer than usual. "My mother and dad are very much alive and kicking and they're both in their late 70s," Gordie said. "One grandfather died at 94, and one grandmother in her late 80s. And we Howes are from hard stock. My mother gave birth to four of her children without the aid of a doctor, so she's pretty good material. By Howe standards, I'm just a kid."

THE WARREN REPORT

John Lindsay gets more publicity and prestige, but it's a cinch he can't dribble or shoot like the mayor of Hardin, Kentucky, the Honorable Robert Warren. Warren, elected mayor last summer, moonlights as a guard with the Los Angeles Stars of the ABA.

Mayor Warren got into politics when he mentioned to Stars' publicity man Hank Ives—jokingly, he thought—that he would like to be mayor of his home town someday. "It shouldn't be too difficult for me to make it," he said then. "We only have 350 people in town and a good share of them are relatives."

WHAT IS THIS MAN DOING?

College football coaches love fast-charging linemen, but they don't love them charging quite this fast. Villanova defensive tackle John Treacy, feeling out of place on this play against Boston College, tried somehow to sneak back to his side of the line of scrimmage without being noticed by the officials. Unfortunately, he was noticed.



A good share of the town board members are friends of Warren's, so when they heard of his ambition they called a special session, created the post of mayor and named Warren, already the town's most famous resident, to it. "There are no duties that I know of," said His Honor. "No salary, either. You see, Hardin is a real small town. Actually, I don't know if you could even call it a town. It's more of a four-way stop at a traffic light. But it is right in the middle of four pretty big cities, Benton. Murray, Mayfield and Kentucky Lake, which is a big tourist attraction."

Today Hardin, tomorrow Murray?

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Florida A&M football coach Jake Gaither on the kind of mobility he seeks in a player: "Just imagine you had a hunting dog. You tie him up Thursday and don't feed him all day. Then when you're ready to go hunting on Friday, you lift his tail and squirt a little turpentine to make him mad. Point him in the right direction and let him go. That, my friends, is mobile."

Former major-league outfielder Jackie Brandt has a well deserved reputation as a flake. Once he and a teammate were about to enter an ice cream parlor in downtown Houston, when Brandt changed his mind. "Let's not go in here," he said. "I know a place about ten miles from here that has 92 flavors of ice cream. It's great." The two men drove ten miles. When they arrived, Brandt studied the menu, pondered a while, then told the waitress, "I'll take vanilla."

Denver Bronco coach Lou Saban bemoaning to the Bronco Quarterback Club about all the team's injuries: "We just activated Phil Brady. I told him to pick a position."

Fight promoter Harold Conrad was at the Super Bowl but left before the game. "I can't stand crowds," he explained, "unless they're my own."

Kansas City tackle Jim Tyrer on Shea Stadium's field condition in late December: "I've played in softer alleys."

Golfer Lee Trevino says he has a problem. "I think I'm in trouble at home," he says, "My wife and I moved from El Paso to Dallas and we still have the same milkman."

Kansas football coach Pepper Rodgers on his team's 1-9 record and last-place finish in the Big Eight: "I told my wife I've been Coach of the Year for two straight years in this league, so I can stand to be Dummy of the Year once." Niagara All-America Cal Murphy on his team's 6-0 start this season: "We take laps around Coach (Frank) Layden, so we're all in great shape."

The latest dream of Yankee relief pitcher Steve Hamilton, father of the flopper pitch named Folly Floater: "It's the last game of the season and I'm facing Reggie Jackson. He's got 61 homers and he's up for his last at-bat. I'm pitching and the count is 3 and 2. Then I throw him the Folly Floater. If he hits it, I'm famous for giving up the recordbreaking home run. If he doesn't, I'm famous for stopping him. Either way, the Folly Floater has a big day."

The highlight of Viking quarterback Joe Kapp's undistinguished basketball career at the University of California came against Temple in a game in which Temple's Tink Van Patton was killing Cal. "The coach put me into the game and I got into a fight with Van Patton." Kapp recalls. "I punched him right in the knee. They kicked us both out, but it was a good deal. He had scored 28 points. I think I had about two."

LIGHTS OUT

Met World Series hero Donn Clendenon overheard a young visitor talking about his school team in the visitors' dressing room during the playoffs in Atlanta.

"What school do you go to, son?" asked Clendenon.

"Alabama State," said the young man.
"Alabama State? They cheat at that school."

The young man looked confused.

"We played them football when I was at Morehouse," Clendenon said. "They were beating us a few points, but there was still time for two plays. We came out of the huddle and into our eagle spread. That's our sure touchdown play. I'm the wide receiver. I run my pattern, and there I am all alone in the end zone, and the ball is coming right at me. I reach up—and the lights go out. The ball hits me on the head. They said it was a power failure. They cheat!"

STOCK IT TO ME

Looming large at the New York Stock Exchange was the bulky, still menacing form of Gino Marchetti, the ex-Baltimore Colt who was recently voted history's greatest defensive end by the Pro Football Hall of Fame. The occasion in late January was the listing on the big board of Gino's Inc., a fast-food franchise company which has Marchetti as its executive vice president and former Colt fullback Alan Ameche as another vice president, secretary and director. Getting a listing on the NYSE is, in corporate competition, akin to making all-pro, so Marchetti's visit to New York was a happy one.

Even a man as used to handling himself in crowds as Marchetti can be a bit taken back at first by the frantic activity on the floor of the exchange. Twenty-five hundred bodies or so zip around the cavernous room with a curious heel and toe stride (in the interest of preserving lives, no running is allowed). Occasionally they pause to watch either the two giant enunciator boards clattering on both sides of the room or the endless stream of numbers and symbols flashing across the long, thin electronic tickers overhead. On the floor, an ever-growing pile of order and sales slips accumulates, multi-colored bits of capitalistic refuse. One glance at the scene convinced Marchetti he was playing in a tough league. "Man, do you believe this?" he said to former Giant end and now broker Aaron Thomas, who obviously did believe it. "I don't know if I could go through this every day. Football was never this rough."

Gino was being overly modest. He and Gino's Inc. can compete. Marchetti has helped build a company that has increased its sales from \$1,000,000 to \$65,000,000 in the ten years since going public. Despite the fact that others have gotten greater publicity, Gino's Inc. is probably the most successful business in the country in which athletes or exathletes have a big stake. Today you can get hamburgers or steaks or chicken to take home from 213 outlets in the East. and under the ambitious guidance of company president Louis Fischer, a former Ohio State linebacker of little note, plans are underway for expansion into New England and California. "Lou takes care of the finance and planning and I handle operations," explained Marchetti. "I enjoy it very much."

Amazingly, Gino got into the business somewhat by accident. "As a player, I had always gone back home to Antioch (California) and tended bar in the offseason," Marchetti said. "But Carroll Rosenbloom, the club owner, told me that since I was making my name in Baltimore, I should capitalize on it in Baltimore. He was instrumental in getting me started in business. There should be more owners like him."

In 1959, Marchetti joined forces with

WOLFBROS. Little Nippers.



Mild, flavorful tobacco laced with 149-proof rum. And topped off with a charcoal filter. That's Wolf Bros. 100mm. Little Nippers. Go ahead. Have a nip. Enjoy!

Wolf Bros. Division of House of Windsor, Inc., Windsor, Pa. 17366 Subsidiary of United States Tobacco Company

SPORT TALK continued

Fischer, Ameche and the late Joe Campanella, a Colt tackle, and a short while later their company took off. "I never, never thought it would wind up anything like this," Gino said. "Lou Fischer has more foresight than I'll ever have. And we have some terrific people working for us."

Gino's Inc. now has 6000 employees. "I think of myself as the coach and the people working for me as the team," Gino said. "After being an athlete for

so long, the competitive urge comes naturally to me. I try to attack business the same way I would attack a quarterback."

At 42, Marchetti's muscles are beginning to be covered with a layer of . . . how shall we put it . . . well, flab. He's up to 265 pounds, 20 over his playing weight, and looks even heavier. He doesn't care. "I played football for 27 years or nearly half a lifetime," he said. "It feels good not to have to exercise for a while. You know the Colts wanted me to come to camp and help out, but I said no. I feel that when you're through

with one phase of your life, you should go on to something else. I'm on to something else."

FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Doug Rohner, 7 Forest Glen Lane, Tacoma, Washington 98498: Ken Harrelson. Robert Imperato, 327 Audubon Road, Englewood, New Jersey: Lee Thomas. Ron Semaan, 14561 West Lincoln, Oakpark, Michigan: Norman Cash. Howard Richman, P.O. Box 424, Scarsdale, New York 10583: Art Shamsky. Nancy Deuel, 1003 East Racine Street, Janesville, Wisconsin: Doug Hart. E. Liberston, 585 East 87th Street, Brooklyn, New York: John Dockery. Steve Sibernik, 1144 9th Street, McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania 15136: Richie Hebner. John Manser, 500 Harwood, Jackson, Michigan 49203: Yvan Cournoyer. Don Freedman, 66 Village Green, Williamsville, New York 14221. O.J. Simpson and Haven Moses. Scott Smith, 801 West 58 Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri 64113: New York Knicks. Dean Hess, 103 West Morton Avenue, Connellsville, Pennsylvania 15425: Terry Bradshaw. Michael Nolan, 223 Woodbourne Road, Langhorne, Pennsylvania 19047: Philadelphia Flyers. Felix St. John, 52 High Street, Middleburg, Vermont: Bill Melton. Bruce Collin, 96-04 57th Avenue, Corona, New York 11368: Curt Blefary.

A PINCH TO GROW AN INCH

Pro football is a serious business to the players, but occasionally a moment of comic relief arises on the field. Such a moment occurred a few seasons ago in a game between the Dallas Cowboys and the St. Louis Cardinals.

Cowboy running back Dan Reeves was dumped along the sidelines and rolled out of bounds near the Cowboy bench. Suddenly one of the Cardinal tacklers reached up, grabbed the soft flesh on the inside of Reeves' leg, and began, in Reeves' words, to "pinch the devil out of it."

"Ouch! Ouch!" shouted Reeves, who began to frantically kick at his tormenter. Just then Cowboy coach Tom Landry, a rather dour man, wandered over to see what was up. Reeves looked up and, with a wounded tone, explained, "He pinched me!" The smile on Landry's face is difficult to describe.

Reeves got up and returned to the huddle. After all, this was the NFL where men play with broken bones and never think twice about it. His concerned teammates asked what happened. "That son of a buck pinched me," said Reeves, his dignity still ruffled.

After the laughter died down, Don Perkins patted Reeves and said, "That's all right, Danny; I'll goose him on the next play."

1970. Lee Trevino puts together your new golf game.



"I designed these clubs for the average golfer. I know his mistakes and how clubs can improve his game. Faultless 70's will. Or my name isn't Trevino." He's a former golf insolid fusion with wood. And that wood is the finest quality maple. With extra cross-grain laminations for strength. Ours

Faultless woods are finished with tough polyurethane. Four coats of it. Looks beautiful. And stays looking beautiful.

"That's no driver. That's a Wind Cheater!"

Lee knows driving into the wind is tough.

Even for the pros. And he knows a slice is even worse trouble hit high into the air.

So we made a deep-faced driver and reduced the

loft to 11 degrees. Gives you more topspin, too, for a good, long roll.

"Make them

structor as well as U.S. Open champ.

And his name is Trevino.

"If this shaft doesn't improve your game—try bowling." Our exclusive Action-Shaft is light like

aluminum, strong
like steel. A special
steel alloy provides a
stronger lower portion
that flexes with the
swing, yet returns to the
straight position faster.

This quick response explodes into the ball.

Another thing. Swing a Faultless. You'll notice the weight distribution immediately. Since the shaft is lighter, the clubhead can be heavier... for a bigger impact.

"I want a longer club. A bigger arc. And more power!" So be it. Our standard driver measures 43½ inches not 43. All our clubs are ½ inch

longer. A longer shaft means a wider arc, faster club-

head speed and better power.

Ours And if you have long legs or short arms you can stand straighter.

"Give me a bigger 'sweet shot' area." Look at our contact face. It's big. And set deeply into the wood. No uneven screws. No screws. Just a rock-

one at a time. One at a time." Faultless clubs aren't cranked out 500 at a crack. They're handmade. Handwrapped. Handground. So you're getting the finest custom-quality woods and irons at regular prices.

When you're finished looking at our woods, swing one of the new Faultless irons. Notice the 2° offset clubface. And the

good balance our swing-weighting gives them.

Few clubs are better than these!

"If you buy my clubs, I'll arrange for you to get 12 Faultless golf balls free. They're longer, straighter and tougher because they're solid.

My compliments, Amigo."



TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

ART DeFILIPPIS, Stamford Catholic High School, Connecticut



A MAJOR-LEAGUE CALLING

ART DeFILIPPIS NEVER doubted that pitching a base-ball was his calling—not even when he was a three-year-old in Stamford, Connecticut. "Back then," he says, "I'd play ball with my dad in the backyard and I was always the pitcher. That's all I've ever wanted to be."

Today Art's ambition to become a major-leaguer is stronger than ever. He is now a senior at Stamford Catholic High School and is recognized as one of the best young pitchers in the nation. Two years ago, as a sophomore, he threw a one-hit shutout to win the state championship for SC. In his junior year he had a 12-1 record (10-0 regular season) and pitched 87 innings, finishing with 151 strikeouts and an ERA of 0.41. In one game against Darien High he struck out 20 batters in eight innings.

DeFilippis has also left his mark on the Babe Ruth League (16 to 18 year olds). During the 1969 competition, he pitched consecutive no-hitters—one in the northern sectionals and the other in the Tournament of Champions. Then, in a doubleheader, DeFilippis pitched a five-hitter and hit a three-run homer in an 8-2 victory and belted a game-winning grandslam in the nightcap.

Art is not alone in believing he'll be a big leaguer someday. "He has great pro potential," says Stamford Catholic coach Bart Gerardi. "He's a fine boy and a dedicated athlete."

The 5-11, 177-pound DeFilippis shows his dedication by devoting many preseason hours to conditioning. "I start working hard in February," he says. "Coach

Gerardi gives me a training schedule. I lift weights for an hour a day, three days a week, mostly reverse curls for my wrists and presses behind the neck.

"And every day I run. I cover about a mile and a half, over the school's cross-country course. Then I run sprints. All the pitchers at Stamford Catholic are supposed to do it, but sometimes they don't feel like it. To tell you the truth, I don't enjoy it, but I have to do it. I want to be in shape."

The young lefthander is quick to spot his weaknesses, too. Early last year he found himself relying too much on a good fastball. With the help of his Babe Ruth coach, Andy Wasil, he perfected his curve. Not to overlook anything, Art got Gerardi to show him how to better his pickoff move. Last year he caught one runner off base.

Of course DeFilippis has not gone unnoticed by major-league scouts or college recruiters. They've all been aware of him since his sophomore year. The college recruiters, particularly those from the University of Maryland, note that he has a solid B average and that he also played end on the Stamford Catholic football team.

But Art's eyes are still on pro ball and it is likely, suggests Gerardi, that the 18-year-old will sign with a major-league team that offers to subsidize his college education during the offseason.

DeFilippis has become used to all the attention. "It seems like the scouts come mostly to the big games," he says. "And that's when I've pitched the best. I guess I like the challenge."

PHIL BERGER

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THE SPORT QUIZ GRADE YOURSELF 15-16 EXCELLENT 13-14 VERY GOOD 11-12 FAIR

- 1. Under the NFL's realignment, three teams will move from the old NFL into the American Conference. They are Baltimore:
- a. Cleveland and Minnesota
- b. Pittsburgh and Cleveland
- c. Pittsburgh and Washington
- **2.** Who was the first major-college player to score 1000 points in a single season?
- **3.** Going into this season, two men were tied for the NHL record of most points in a game (8). They were Maurice Richard and:
- a. Billy Taylor
- b. Les Cunningham
- c. Bert Olmstead
- **4.** Name the athletic conferences of each of the following colleges:
- a. Wake Forest
- b. Utah
- c. Wichita State
- **5.** In 1959 he set a World Series record with ten RBIs in six games:
- a. Luis Aparicio
- b. Nellie Fox
- c. Ted Kluszewski
- **6.** President Nixon was a member of the Whittier College football team. What position did he play?
- a. end
- b. quarterback
- c. defensive back
- 7. Last season the New York Mets had two .300 hitters with 100 or more

- times at bat. Cleon Jones was one. The other was:
- a. Tommie Agee
- b. Art Shamsky
- c. Donn Clendenon
- **8.** A newspaper headline reads: "Jim Bakken kicks seven field goals in one game for NFL record." What year is it?
- 9. Match these terms with their sports:

clout ice hockey passgang wrestling headmanning archery chancery skiing

- **10.** True or False: The Syracuse Nationals won their only NBA championship at the end of the 1954-55 season.
- **11.** In the NHL, icing the puck is called if a player shoots the puck from his half of the ice over the opposing goal ine. Icing is *not* called if:
- a. the opposing goalie comes out of the goal crease when the puck is shot
 b. a player has the chance to intercept the puck before it crosses the goal line
 c. an offside attacking player touches the puck first
- **12.** True or False: The NBA's all-time leader in rebounds is Wilt Chamberlain.
- 13. Last season he won the Outland Trophy as college football's best lineman:
- a. Tody Smith

- b. Mike McCoy
- c. Mike Reid
- **14.** This man set an NHL record by scoring three goals in 21 seconds:
- a. Gus Bodnar
- b. Bill Mosienko
- c. Bill Gadsby
- 15. Which city led the American League in baseball attendance last year?
- a. Boston
- b. Baltimore
- c. Detroit
- **16.** The man pictured below defeated heavyweight champ Jack Johnson in a famous 1915 bout. He is:
- a. Bob Fitzsimmons
- b. Jack Sharkey
- c. Jess Willard



FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 78



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK-TV in Houston.



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the White Sox over WMAQ, Chicago radio.

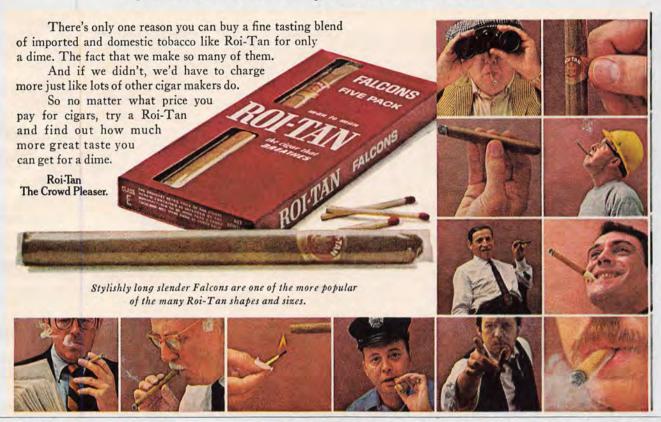


Jimmy Dudley is now a sportscaster for the Seattle Pilots over radio station KVI. He had done Cleveland Indian games for 16 years.



Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years with the Cleveland Indians and Browns.

If Roi-Tan wasn't the best selling ten cent cigar, you couldn't buy it for ten cents.



TALK TO THE STARS

WALT TKACZUK: How did you feel before playing in your first NHL All-Star game?

-Stan Vogel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TKACZUK: I was nervous. Oh, was I nervous! I'm that way before most of the Ranger games, but this time it stayed with me longer than usual. With me it means an empty sort of feeling in the pit of my stomach. I didn't lose that feeling until near the end of the second period. After all, it's a tremendous honor to be out there with the best hockey players in the world.

ELVIN HAYES: How are you getting along with your coach, Alex Hannum? Are you still unhappy at San Diego?

-Doug Fox, San Diego, California

HAYES: I get along very well with Coach Hannum. He's a great guy and he's helped me more than any other man since I've been in the pros. He's given me more confidence than I've ever had. The coach has worked with me on my defensive play and has given me a lot of responsibility in that area. Now I'm concentrating much more on blocking shots and getting rebounds than in the past. On offense he tells me to go out and play my own game. He especially wants me to look for those offense rebounds and get more assists. I'm playing better all-round ball this year than last. So is the rest of the club. A few months ago the team was on a losing streak and there was dissension among the players. I was discouraged. We all were. Coach Hannum knew what he had to do to change things. When we're down he takes us aside individually and talks things over. We know we're a better team than our record shows and he never lets us forget it. We may be losing, but we aren't giving up. PAT STAPLETON: Do you think that Chicago will have an easier time next year when it moves into the NHL West?

-Chuck Warren, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

STAPLETON: Moving could be to our advantage as far as the standings are concerned. Last year we finished in sixth place in the East and missed the playoffs. If we win as many games next year we could be in second place in the West. But I don't think we'll have an easier time playing the Western teams. It doesn't really matter which division we're in, we still have to win.

LARRY SIEGFRIED: What advice can you give a youngster on shooting free throws?

-Dan Cohn, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SIEGFRIED: The most important thing to remember about shooting a free throw is to have a relaxed stance. That is, feet and body in a position where the motion of dipping down and shooting is a natural flow. The stance will vary with the individual, of course, but it must be relaxed to be effective. Another thing to keep in mind is hold your eyes on the basket as you shoot. Some young players have the bad habit of taking their eyes off the basket as they shoot to watch the ball as it leaves their hands. One question that often comes up is whether to shoot foul shots overhanded or underhanded. Either way is fine as long as you are comfortable. These days most ballplayers shoot overhand because they feel they have more control of the ball. I shoot fouls the same way I do a set or jump shot, overhanded. That's the secret, I think. A foul shot is simply a set shot without the pressure of being guarded. Look at it that way.

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE . . . KARL SPOONER?



THE BROOKLYN DODGERS have been out of existence for 13 years now, but for many of their former fans the memory never dies (see page 36). Get an old Dodger fan reminiscing about the exploits of Pee Wee, Campy, Duke, etc., and, providing you don't offend him by mentioning Walter O'Malley, he'll probably talk all night. However, one Dodger of the 1950s era is best remembered not for his great accomplishments but, ironically, for what he didn't do. His name is Karl Spooner, and he is a symbol of unfulfilled promise.

Spooner came up to the Dodgers from their Fort Worth farm team in the final week of the 1954 season. A 21year-old lefthander with an overpowering fastball-sort of the pre-Koufax Koufax-Spooner became the talk of all baseball right after his first major-league start. He shut out the National League champion New York Giants, 3-0, with just three hits and broke the majorleague record for strikeouts in a first start with 15. Then, four days later, he started against the Pittsburgh Pirates and beat them, 1-0, giving up only four hits and striking out 12. Spooner's combined total of 27 strikeouts set a National League record for two consecutive games. The Dodgers could hardly wait for the 1955 spring training season to begin so they could get a closer look at their young prize.

Spring came soon enough, but it proved to be a nightmare for Spooner. In his own words, he threw "too hard too soon" and developed a sore arm. Though he stayed with Brooklyn and had an 8-6 record in 1955, his arm remained sore all season and he found he couldn't throw very hard anymore. He started out with the Dodgers in 1956 but was sent down to Macon at cutdown time. There his arm ached so badly that he took the rest of the year off and went home. In 1957 he had an unsuccessful operation on the arm, was released by the Dodgers and signed for a brief stay in the Cardinal organization. In 1958 he quit baseball, a has-been at

Spooner is 38 now and lives in Vero Beach, Florida, where he works as packing house manager for the Haffield Citrus Corporation. He and his wife Carol have five children: Karen, 14; Kim, 12; Kelly, 11; Kerrie Lee, 9; and Kevin Karl, 5. Though he admits to still having a "sentimental interest" in the Dodgers, who hold their spring training in Vero Beach, Spooner doesn't often get to see a baseball game. "When they get down here we're right in the middle of one of our prime seasons," he says of his job. "I manage to get out to a Sunday game once in a while or watch one on TV, but not too often. And once in a while one of the old guys I played with on the Dodgers stops by at the plant or at my house. Wally Moon is one, and so is Carl Erskine. And our old pitching coach Joe Becker lives in the area, so I see him once in a while. But that's about it.'

Looking back to his abbreviated bigleague career, Spooner admits he is "bitter to a certain extent when I think of what might have been. But you still have to live," he says, "the kids still have to eat. So you got to make the best of the situation and do as well as you can. But I'll say this, I'm very envious of all these five-figure guys in baseball."

The edge in Spooner's voice softens considerably when he recalls Ebbets Field and the fanatically loyal Brooklyn fans. "You always heard what a bandbox the ballpark was," he said, "and maybe it was true, but with the kind of team we had—with all those right-handed power hitters—we were really tough at home. I mean really tough. And the fans helped us, too. I think they were the greatest in the world. Baseball was a lot of fun in Brooklyn in those days."

LETTERS TO SPORT

LIFE WITH LEW

I've just finished reading your fine article on Lew Alcindor in the February issue (SPORT SPECIAL: "Lew Alcindor's Life As A Pro"). Roger Kahn did an excellent job—not only of reporting the tensions, drives and dreams of a fine black athlete—but, more importantly, remembering that this man is only 22 years old. The last line of the story really grabs me: "At 22, this proud, intense black has magnificent movements and dreadful ones which, if memory serves, is what being 22 is like." Beautiful!

Urbana, Ill. Arthur Walker

I would like to congratulate Sport on the recent article about Lew Alcindor. His contributions to basketball are unlimited. He has transformed a last-place team into a title contender. He is the center of attraction on a young, inspired team that has created enthusiasm around Wisconsin and throughout the nation. Prairie du Sac, Wis. Bob Greiber

PROPHECY

I just stumbled onto an old issue of SPORT (November, 1962). Take a look at page 96, line 5, in "Time Out With The Editors," for an amazing bit of irony.

Kimberly, Idaho Mark Fisher

The quote Mr. Fisher refers to was in an editorial entitled "Things We'd Like To See Happen In Sports." One wish was for "a new Don Budge or Pancho Gonzalez or Jack Kramer (to) arise from the ashes of American tennis." Editor Al Silverman takes full credit, but wishes it had read . . . "arise from the Ashes of Richmond, Virginia."

TRADES TO BE MADE

Congratulations. Your February issue was the finest ever. You finally put it all together, and "The 9 Inter-League Trades That Should Be Made" was interesting, different and provocative.

Sylvania, Ohio Scott Smythe

I've been receiving your magazine for close to two years and never have I read such a poorly written article than the one written by Jack Zanger in the February issue on inter-league trades. Every single one of the players mentioned are a vital part of their respective teams. The trades were simply ridiculous. If Roman Gabriel should go to the Buffalo Bills for O.J. Simpson, then Jack Zanger should be shipped to the Vikings for Joe Kapp. Salisbury, Md. Randy Judy

(Continued on page 59)



Pontiac Motor Division

The quick way out of the minor leagues

Every year, Pontiac gets tougher on upstarts.

Not that we go out of our way to discourage amateur performers. We just take the fun of driving very seriously.

Like engines. GTO's standard is a 350 horsepower V-8. But this year there's a high-torque 455-cu.-in. V-8 to order, as well as two Ram Airs. So someone's bound to get his feelings hurt. Letting you order a new, low-restriction, exhaust should be the final blow.

Sorry, men. But this is the major league. And it's time to make a cut.

Pontiac's new GTO.



MYLIFE AS A GAMBLER

How does a sports fan become hooked on betting? This month, one young victim (writing under an alias) takes a hard look at himself and his sickness, in the first of a two-part series

By BILLY LEE LARUE

1 • owed them more in the past—five, six, \$7000. But I had always been able to pay, or to win it back before the day of remission. This time it's different. I have been \$2000 in the hole for close to four months now and Mr. El Dorado, impatient from an accumulation of phone calls, ignored deadlines, unrealized promises, and elaborate excuses, has decided to pass the burden to others.

It is 11 a.m. I am asleep, a lovely blonde lady, company extended from the night before, is lying in my arms, her mouth breathing lightly into my ear. The phone rings, startles.

"Williams? El Dorado."

My code name wakes me up.

"Yeah, right. I'm asleep. Just give me a second to get myself together."

I throw my legs over the side of the bed, my head heavy, throbbing, my mouth dry and foul with tobacco. The blonde lady, bewildered, sits up and frowns. I put my fingers to my lips, signalling quiet, and motion her to follow me into the kitchen.

"Listen," I whisper. "It's a bookmaker I owe. Don't make any noise while I'm talking to him. I'm not supposed to be having any fun, see, just looking to get the bread to pay him off. I'm supposed to be alone, see?"

She doesn't see at all, but she nods. As I swallow a half carton of Tropicana, I wonder whether I haven't become irredeemably paranoic. Can a middle-aged Jewish bookmaker with a pseudonym like El Dorado possibly be concerned with the way I spend my nights? Still, part of me is convinced that El Dorado wants me running, driving, begging, chasing, stealing 24 hours a day, seven days a week, in an attempt to raise the money I owe him.

I go back to the phone and find that I am not entirely wrong.

"Listen, Williams, you don't owe us anything as of a week from today."

My heart leapt. Had the office been busted? Had El Dorado decided I'd been through enough to let me off?

"Thanks, man," I said. "It's really been getting me down."

El Dorado grunted, nasty, incredu-

"Are you kidding? Who do you think I am, your wife? We're transferring your debt. You owe it to two friends of mine unless you have it for us in seven days."

"Who are these friends of yours?"

"You'll meet them when the time comes, but the arrangement is a little different. You give 'em 400 a week until you pay back the principal."

"Look," I said, nauseous, my voice shaky.

"A friend of mine is closing a movie deal in a few days . . ."

"Not interested, kid," El Dorado said. "When you've got it, ring the bell. If you don't, forget I exist."

He hung up. The moment (the one I had been dreading? waiting for? seeking?) had finally, after five years of vacillation, arrived. My flesh had been thrown to the sharks.

My immediate reaction was to sink into the tired arms of my guest. Save me, mother! Make me forget!

"What's wrong?" she said.

"The bookmaker's turning me onto a shylock," I said.

"Is that good?"

I was untouched by her innocence. "Good?" I yelled. "Are you out of

your mind?"

"Well, what does it mean?"

"It means that I'll be paying forever," I said.

"That's terrible," she said, genu-

inely concerned. Then timidly: "Can I help?"

"How?" I said.

"I mean could I lend you some?"
I was disgusted with myself, but why had I brought it up, if not to induce precisely such an offer?

"I owe a great deal," I said.

"Well, I have about 200 in the bank."

I was on the verge of tears.

"Thanks," I said. "That's not quite enough to bail me out."

"It's a beginning."
"No!" I said, angrily.

"Hey," she said. "What about your writing? Didn't you tell me you were a writer last night?"

"I've done some articles."

"Well, why don't you write your way out of it?"

Work had seemed the least likely solution; surely no activity was so diametrically opposed in spirit to the method I had chosen to harass myself with in the first place. If the artist were willing to give everything with the possibility of gaining nothing in return, the gambler was willing to give nothing with the expectation of gaining everything. Still, what other recourse did I have? I had borrowed at one time or another from nearly every friend I had, always with the condition that it would never happen again; and my family-mother, father, brother, ex-wife-had all had their full share of pleas and promises. I decided to take the lady's advice.

Having spent a large part of my life watching sports, frequently betting on what I was seeing, I decided that a series on the subject would be the most suitable form my labor could take. I called the editor of Sport, and explained my situation. He offered an advance on the money, an escape, if

"... I knew that no matter what the outcome of the game I would (always) be in similar places with similar people doing similar things. I was sick. Encased. Enslaved."

I would tell my story for his magazine. I have sold myself for less, dear reader, and for causes of weaker worth. So lend me your ear, if you will.

2. It started in the late Sixties, when I was a senior at a big Eastern university. My roommate was the center, top rebounder, and best defender on the basketball team. Eating with him, drinking with him, sympathetic to his moods, fears, and joys, I usually had a pretty fair idea of how he was going to perform on the day of a game, perhaps a better idea than he had himself.

Home in New York on Christmas vacation, I ran into a guy I hadn't seen for ten years, a beach acquaintance with whom I used to play touch football, tennis, and go to parties. When he found out who my roommate was, he suggested I start making myself some money. He gave me the name of a bookmaker friend of his, code name El Dorado, and suggested I call him when I felt I "had an edge."

"Listen," he said, "it's simple. At the end of the week he'll pay you or you'll pay him, no one knows a thing, and you make a nice piece on the side. He's an old cat, groovy, a sharp guy with a lot of cash to back him up. I may go to work for him myself."

"What would you do?" I said.

"Start out as a runner, delivering and collecting. But eventually I'd pick up some of his accounts. It's like a stockbroker, man."

Unlike Henry (let's call him that) and most of my friends from my early beach days, I was in college, doing well, and had what my mother likes to call "a future ahead of you." The idea of gambling, of spending my time the way those of my past who would never "amount to anything" did, was distasteful. And yet, I thought, this is their only thing; I have school and a career as a writer ahead, so what harm can there be in toying with this game on the side?

At school, I decided to follow through on the suggestion. Gene, my roommate, had slept well, felt good, and told me that his rhythm was going to be right. I called the number Henry had given me. A woman-his answering service-picked up.

"Mr. El Dorado, please," I said. "I'll have him call you, sir. Your name?"

I told her.

Ten minutes later the phone rang. It was El Dorado. He opened by setting me up. My code name was to be Mr. Williams. He told me that to bet on my school that night, I could take eight points.

"You mean they don't even have to

win the game?" I said.

"Are you for real?"

"I'm new at this," I said.

"I'm hip," he said.

Gene thought our school would win the whole game, and having a sevenpoint loss by the team still count as a win for me made it seem a sure thing.

"I'll bet \$50 on it," I said.

The book laughed.

"Listen, sweetheart, I don't know what Henry told you about me, but my plumber bets more than \$50. I have a \$300 minimum."

It seemed outrageous. I had less than \$500 to my name; so how could I risk half of it on a basketball game, on the whims of a tight or loose rim, the temperament and accuracy of 20 men more or less strange to me?

"Look, do you want it or don't you? I got business to take care of."

It was insane. I wouldn't do it. I couldn't. How could I?

"Yes."

If I knew, even today, precisely what made me say yes at that moment, I would know why I became a gambler, for it was the same indifference to the realities of my financial condition, the same vague excitement over the idea of the unknown encapsulated in a two-hour athletic contest, the same passivity and susceptibility to suggestion, the same irrational certainty, that to want to win implied, necessarily, winning, that would characterize all my future wagers.

At any event, yes was what I said and I was "down." One word and, as if in marriage, I was committed. I spent the rest of the day as usual, reading (Richardson's Pamela, I believe), talking, listening to music and eating. In the evening I went to the gym with a few friends and took my seat. The normal conversation started: who was averaging what on the opposing team, what scores that team had won and lost by, what our chances were; arguments over who was our best shooter, dribbler, passer, etc. But I was oddly detached from it all by this time. I was off on my own. I had suddenly, unconnectedly, reached a fervid emotional pitch rife with passionate intensity. I hated everyone on the other team, wanted to see shots missed, styles bollixed, legs broken, heads crushed; and I loved everyone on our team, even those I knew personally and didn't really like.

At the opening tip, my heart leapt, sank, the ball was batted toward our basket and one of their forwards chased it, caught it, and laid it in. I'm still ahead. It's really 8-2.

Gene got the ball at the foul line, drove around his man, floated in, his rhythm sure, put on a lovely feint in mid-air and was hacked on the left arm as he guided the ball through the nets with his right. I was insane, cheering madly, screaming hurrahs at Gene.

"Hey, take it easy, for chrissakes,"

one of my friends said.

Even Gene looked back at me with a funny smile. He hit the free throw and we led, 3-2. A bad pass, a jump shot by Gene; a missed lay-up, a hook shot by Gene; an offensive foul, a 25foot bomb by Gene and we were ahead 9-2. I was ahead 17-2! My voice was gone. "Gene, Gene! GENE! Baby! Yes! YES!"

The rest was decoration. Gene had his game going, the enemy was confused, and we coasted, winning the game, 68-44. Had the game been close, had we lost by seven points, or even just barely won the game, I might have taken my \$300 gracefully and quit while I was ahead. But, look! Not only had I won the game easily, being vindicated in my certainty that the bookmaker's (Continued on page 69)

A BASKET QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY FLYNN ROBINSON

continued



An unknown traded twice in his first three years, he's found a home at last with the rising Milwaukee Bucks

ENTER FLYNN ROBINSON, professional basketball player, Milwaukee Bucks. He walks through the hotel lobby virtually unnoticed, except perhaps for an admiring glance at his stylish wardrobe. A writer approaches. They shake hands and the writer explains that he wants to do a magazine piece on him. Robinson laughs, says he is busy and has to run. The writer insists he is not joking. Robinson is amazed. "I'm sorry, man," he says, "but . . . well, no one has ever done a story on me before."

Surprising? In one way it isn't. Robinson is a small man (6-1) who has played on three NBA teams that generally have had limited success. But, then again, he also is one of the league's All-Star guards.

Robinson, an outstanding shooter in college, has matured into an outstanding pro scorer in this his fourth season. His reputation among his rival guards is high; his ability to "go to

the hoop" well respected. On a hot night he seems almost impossible to stop. In fact, one outstanding NBA guard says the only way to defend against Robinson is to jostle him. This season, however, Robinson's career had entered a new stage in which he no longer could be satisfied just with putting the ball in the basket. "I feel I must put 22 points and six or seven assists together each night and play tough defense to make a good contribution," he says. "If I don't, I'm not doing my job.'

Through mid-January, Robinson was averaging 22.8 points and 5.3 assists per game. He also was making over 90 percent of his foul shots to seriously threaten Bill Sharman's season record for free-throw accuracy. Flynn was an All-Star selection who, along with Lew Alcindor, was helping to lead the fast-improving Bucks in their pursuit of the Knicks in the Eastern Division. The captain and quarterback of the Bucks was indeed doing his job.

Last season Flynn gave strong indications that he was coming on as one of the league's premier guards, and he confirmed it early this year. In an exhibition game against the Knicks in October, he was matched against Walt Frazier, who was voted the NBA's top defender last season. Robinson scored 40 points; Frazier 14. Though he had put on a superb shooting demonstration, Milwaukee coach Larry Costello was more impressed by Robinson's work at the other end of the court. "Flynn can play great defense and he proved it tonight," said the coach. "He is quick and fast and he has great reflexes, so he can pick up the other guy's moves without being thrown off stride."

Still, it took some regular-season games this year for Robinson and the Bucks to fully believe in themselves, which is understandable for a secondRobinson (driving on Wally Jones of the 76ers), says that with Lew Alcindor in the lineup, "it's not as crowded when I drive to the basket as it used to be."

year expansion team that had finished last in 1968-69. The opener provided an immediate boost. The game was against Detroit in Milwaukee, with national television on hand to cover Alcindor's debut. Alcindor put on a good show, but so did Flynn Robinson, who scored 23 points and had five assists in 28 minutes of playing time. "We realized after that game that if we did our jobs, Lew was going to be doing his," Robinson said. "I think we got a lot of confidence from that first game, especially because we beat a club that we would have to beat out for a playoff spot."

But after winning their first three games, the Bucks went into a .500 pattern for a month and a half as the young players (including five rookies) adjusted to each other and the progame. Then on December 10, they played the Knicks in Milwaukee in a game that would have profound significance.

The Bucks had been bombed by the Knicks the night before in New York, the third straight time in three meetings with the league leaders. This game, however, was tight all the way. With 14 seconds left, Milwaukee trailed by a point. The Bucks took time out and coach Larry Costello selected Robinson to take the last shot. He took it, but was pressured by Mike Riordan and the ball went nowhere near the basket. The Knicks clung to their one-point advantage as the buzzer sounded. Robinson, who had scored 30 points to break a personal slump, was, of course, deeply disappointed afterwards in the locker room.

With the passage of time, however, he viewed the defeat much differently. "After being bombed out the night before, we showed we could come back and play their great team evenup," he said. "We felt we should have won the game and that we were going to beat them before too many more games went by. Personally, it was very important to me. When we got in that huddle and Larry said he wanted me to take that last shot, I knew I had earned some respect and responsibility."

That loss was Milwaukee's last for two weeks. They ran off a seven-game win streak, lost in overtime to Cincinnati—a game in which Robinson scored 42—and then beat Baltimore twice, San Diego and New York before losing to Atlanta by a point.

In that span Robinson averaged 29.5 points per game, with a low game of 22 and a high of 42. He shot over 50 percent from the floor. He penetrated, he sank bombs from the outside and he played almost 40 minutes of basketball a night—at both ends of the court. For the first time in his life, Flynn Robinson was recognized as one of the world's finest basketball players.

Recognition's been a long time coming. Robinson first played organized basketball at Murphysboro (Illinois) Township High School, a few miles from the Missouri state line, but after two years, his family moved to Elgin, Illinois, where he played his last two years for Elgin High School. At Elgin, basketball was the wrong sport to play if you were interested in getting attention, because the school had produced a state champion football team the year before Flynn arrived. That was still the talk of the town. Though Robinson liked football, he was persuaded to concentrate on basketball exclusively if he wanted to play professionally.

For a year after he graduated, Robinson played AAU ball in Chicago, then accepted a basketball scholarship to the University of Wyoming, a school that was ready to make a serious recruiting effort to become a basketball power. By the time Robinson left Laramie, he had scored close to 2500 points to rank as the 15th-leading college career scorer (at that time) and the highest scorer in Wyoming's history.

The Wyoming coach then and now is Bill Strannigan. When he speaks about Robinson, it is almost with reverence. "In 22 years of college coaching, I've never seen a better ballplayer of Flynn's size," says Strannigan. "His determination was his biggest attribute in his approach to the game: The moment he stepped on campus he made it clear that he wanted to play ball, and to excel at it. Although he never worked for 40 minutes defensively the way I would have liked him to, I felt that many times it was because he worked so hard, so long, at the other end of the court. He was voted team captain his senior year so I think the team showed how much

they appreciated his efforts."

The team may have appreciated Robinson's efforts, but they were about the only ones. "Publicity-wise, Wyoming did not afford me too much and I came to the NBA pretty much unheralded," says Flynn, who was the second draft choice of the Cincinnati Royals in 1965. "I kind of wished it was different at first, but I got used to it in no time at all."

A severe chest infection stopped him from signing a contract immediately with the Royals, but after six months of recuperation and six more months of AAU ball, he joined Cincinnati at the beginning of the 1966-67 season. He wisely spent most of his time studying Oscar Robertson. "By just talking to and watching Oscar I had to make myself better," Robinson says. "He taught me how to drive better, how to protect the side, to draw a man one-on-one and then beat him, to fight over picks quicker, to stop reaching on defense, to forget about stealing the ball all the time and to concentrate on playing position."

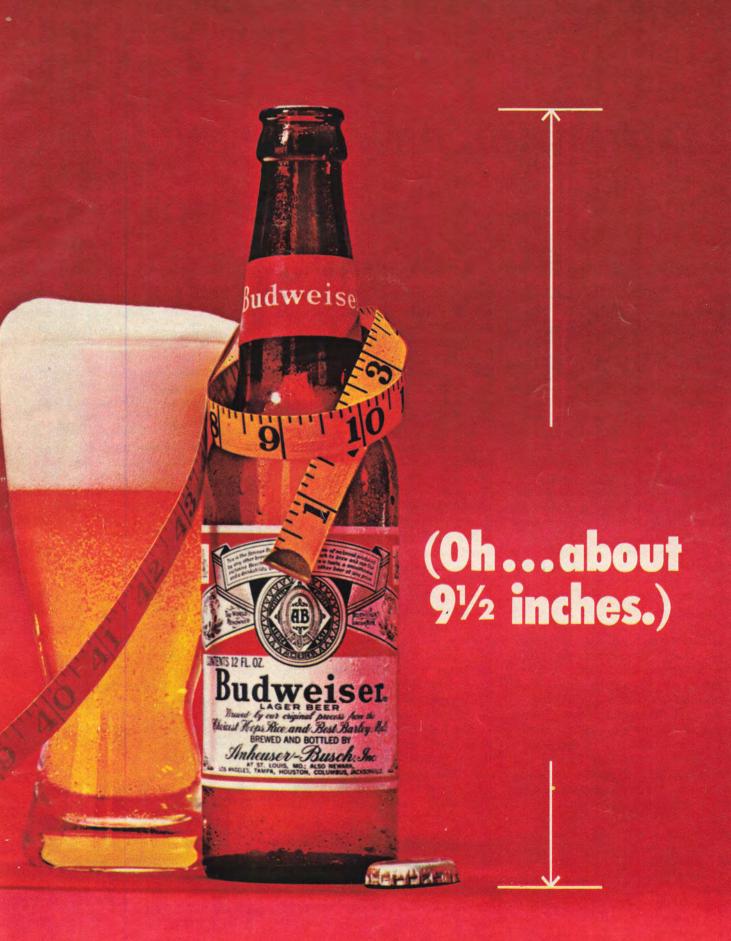
Flynn soon found himself able to play better defense, shoot quicker and change speeds with greater expertise. In that first season, he got into 76 games and scored just under nine points per game on a 46 percent shooting average. He showed lots of promise, but with Robertson a fixture in the Royals' backcourt, there wasn't much room for a young guard to advance. One week into the '67-68 season, Flynn was traded to Chicago for Guy Rodgers.

"The trade didn't bother me too much, really," he says, looking back. "For one thing, I was going to be living and playing most of the games in Chicago, not too far from Elgin. And I knew there was a starting job for me with the Bulls if I could prove myself. In Cincinnati it would have been awful hard. And by the time I was traded I had proved something to myself—I knew I could play in this league. I had convinced myself that given enough court time I could be a top pro."

As Flynn sees it, when he joined Chicago he was the last man on the squad. By midseason, however, he was a starter and he eventually finished second to Bob Boozer in team scoring, averaging 15.7. In the first-round playoffs against Los Angeles, he averaged 20.2 for five games, including one 41-point (Continued on page 82)

If you stacked all the Beechwood Aged beers in America on top of each other, how high would the stack be?





Ernie Banks and Ron Santo Sound Off:

WHAT THE CUBS ARE GOING TO DO RIGHT THIS YEAR

By BILL FURLONG

The two veteran stars feel their club wasn't mean enough in '69. That, they say, will change

THE ASH TRAYS were empty: Ron Santo, third-baseman of the Cubs, quit smoking after the last baseball season. Now he sat, relaxed and thoughtful, in his office high up in a skyscraper in Chicago's Loop. At 29, Santo owns a prosperous supermarket item called Pro's Pizza (it is also available at some of the major-league ballparks) and he was about to expand vastly his financial operations. At this moment, Ernie Banks, first-baseman of the Cubs, was sitting in the leather chair beside him. Ernie was in his stocking feet, his zippered ankle-high shoes had been slipped off and placed neatly beside his chair. He wriggled his toes and, with Santo, considered the question: "What would the Cubs do right in 1970?"

The tortured memory of 1969 was not yet dead. Under Leo Durocher, the Chicago Cubs led the Eastern Division of the National League for 156 days. Then they suffered one of the Great Collapses in baseball history. They faded from 8½ games in front of the New York Mets to eight games behind them. That slide of 16½ games eclipsed, in its mordant way, the 13½-game comeback that Durocher's New York Giants made to win the pennant in 1951. Thus Leo holds the record for the worst performance in the stretch as well as the best.

In 1970, Durocher said, he'd let his players speak for him. Several of them had already taken him up on the offer. In this case, two of the towering figures of Cub history were talking of the Cubs in terms of the past as well as the future.

FURLONG: In what way do you think the Cubs will be a different team, and a better team, this year than in 1969?

BANKS: Different, I would think, in that each one of us lived through an experience that was a real rough thing to go through. We'll be different in that we lived through the rough edges of success and failure. We know directly what it will take to win a pennant and a world championship. I think every player will be dedicated to getting in shape, will set his sights—Ronnie puts it in a very good way—to be mean, to be more aggressive, to go out and win a championship.

SANTO: I think I learned-I think everybody on our ball club has learned -that when you're No. 1 everybody is out to get you. When you're No. 2 or No. 3, nobody slides at you hard or throws as much at you. I think everybody felt we were going to win it and when it got towards the end of the season, with the Mets trying to catch us, we'd say, "Well, don't worry, we're gonna beat 'em. Because we're the better ballclub." But when they were a little more aggressive-coming into second base a little harder, coming in underneath the chin with the pitch a little more than we were-we were just sitting back and saying, "Well, so what? We're still gonna beat 'em." This is where we made our mistake: we weren't aggressive enough. They were. I'm an aggressive ballplayer but I've never gone out there to hurt somebody, to take their livelihood out of their pockets. I felt that towards the end of last season-and I'm not speaking now just of the Mets, I'm speaking of every ballclub that we played-they didn't care what they had to do to beat us. So I look at this and say, "Well, if you have to do these things, you do them and not worry about being mean, not worry about that man that's standing on second base or third base. You've got to worry about yourself and your team. Because this is how you win pennants."

FURLONG: Do you think because of the Cubs' experience in 1969 that you'll be a tougher ball club in 1970?

A more secure or insecure one?

SANTO: We'll be a tougher ballclub because we had something taken away from us that we should have had. And I'm not just speaking of the \$18,000 the Mets received (for winning the World Series). I'm talking of the personal pride that was taken from us. I definitely think we're going to be a meaner ballclub and a tougher ballclub.

BANKS: The security, of course, is a key thing. I feel the Chicago Cub players will be secure enough to feel that we're a pennant-winning ballclub—that we're a winner—and we know what the pressures are. Last year, towards the end—and I think Ronnie will agree with this—when the Mets were overtaking us, we just kept waiting for something to happen. We've got to make things happen.

FURLONG: Where is the best place to be in a pennant race—out in front all the way again? Or to be like the Mets—a come-from-behind ballclub? SANTO: I like to be in front at all times; it's much better to be on top. I always feel that when you're eight games in front, it's like eight inches. But when you're eight games behind, it's like eight miles.

FURLONG: Who will be the chief competition for the Cubs this year? SANTO: I feel (Continued on page 74)

Bottom photo: Santo (left) and Banks.



WHY I WANT OUT **OF THE ABA By RICK BARRY** As Told To Bill Gildea

The man who once jolted basketball by jumping

I'VE HAD MANY happy experiences since leaving the San Francisco Warriors of the National Basketball Association and signing with the Oakland Oaks of the American Basketball Association. But this season, 1969-70, has been the most discouraging and frustrating one of my life.

To begin with, I wish I weren't playing in Washington. I have nothing against the people or the city or Mr. Earl Foreman, the Caps' owner. It's just that my home is in Orinda, in the San Francisco Bay area, several business opportunities are there, and that's where I want to play.

The shifting of the Oaks' franchise to Washington this year came as a complete surprise to me. Had I known the Oaks ever were going to leave Oakland I never would have left the Warriors in the first place. No way! The first time I heard about Washington was when someone called me and told me the people from Washington wanted to talk to me about playing there. I said, "What? Washington? What people from Washington?"

There had been talk earlier that the team might be sold soon, but that the new owners would keep it in Oakland. When there was a rumor the Oaks were going to move to Los Angeles, Pat Boone, the singer and a principal stockholder, told me it wasn't true. He told me the Oaks would never leave Oakland.

I never heard from him when the Oaks moved to Washington.

Boone and Ken Davidson, another principal stockholder, evidently were taken out of debt by the deal with Mr. Foreman and were able to save face. Meanwhile, I still have stock in Oakland Basketball Inc. Great. I have stock in a corporation with no assets. Coach Alex Hannum and I each purchased 15 percent of the club.

Alex and I always thought the Oaks had a good future. We didn't draw very big crowds at first, but toward the end of last season, when we were on our way to the ABA championship, we were finally getting a hard-core following.

I remember Alex saying, "We'll have the best team in the world someday. I don't know if it will take three years or ten years, but we'll get there." He would have done it, too, because he's the best coach in professional basketball. He's a master strategist. He always keeps the balance of power in his favor on the court because he is so good at matching up the players.

As for the stock, that's all down the drain. I didn't get anything out of it. Mr. Foreman didn't buy the corporate shell; he bought the corporate assets. No matter how you work it out I have nothing. When I found out, you might say I was just a little dismayed. Alex didn't get anything either.

I went to Oakland with my family and the future in mind. Now I want to be back with the Warriors for the very same reasons. Because we want to keep our home in the Bay area, my wife Pam stayed there this season. It's been tough on her. And my older boy is three now, an age when he needs his father around.

By moving out of Oakland now, the ABA has lost a good area for the future. But that was just one of many problems the ABA has brought on itself. Its biggest foulup, definitely, was failing to get Lew Alcindor. He would have helped make the ABA truly competitive with the NBA.

Missing Alcindor finally woke up the ABA owners. They stopped messing around and buckled down. Things began to happen. Some ABA owners talked with Al Davis, who devised the quarterback-raiding plan of the American Football League against the National Football League, and they learned something about his techniques in dealing with a rival league.

They sought advice on what they could do to fight back and effect an eventual merger on terms favorable not just to the NBA but the ABA as well. After that, the ABA owners changed from doves to hawks. They were no longer hesitant about rocking the boat of a possible merger with the NBA, and they went after big names. Denver signed Spencer Haywood out of the University of Detroit. Washington and Carolina signed NBA stars Dave Bing and Billy Cunningham for the future.

Also, George Mikan was replaced as commissioner. Mikan was a figurehead, which served the ABA's purpose for a while. His name added something to the league when it started out, but the owners realized they needed a man with more business experience and contacts. So he was succeeded by Jack Dolph, a former TV executive at CBS. He got quick results by arranging the television of the ABA's All-Star Game on CBS this past January.

The ABA also signed four of the best NBA referees— Norm Drucker, Joe Gushue, Earl Strom and John Vanak. I knew them from the NBA and I've told them I never thought I'd see the day when I would be happy to see them.

All of these moves are important ones, but you wonder if they still didn't come too late. What the ABA needs most are the good players coming out of college. There have been three big ones to come along since the ABA was formed—Alcindor, Hayes and Unseld—and the ABA lost all three.

They better not miss too many times or the pier is going to collapse while they're waiting for the boat. If they want to compete, they must get the three biggest names this year—Pete Maravich, Rick Mount, and Bob Lanier, especially Maravich—or they're going to be in big, big trouble.

But I just don't see how the ABA—or NBA, for that matter—is going to come up with all that money for all of them. That's why I would be surprised if there wasn't an agreement to have a common draft this spring. Economically, I can't see the two leagues going on without one, and in the long run it will benefit both leagues, just as it did in football.

The money the rookies are getting creates bad situations. I know one player who made \$25,000 to \$30,000 last season and is getting \$60,000 to \$65,000 this season to keep his salary in line because some rookie is making \$50,000. Teams are strapped with \$500,000 payrolls and they can't survive that way.

This may come as a surprise, but I probably could have made a higher salary if I had stayed in the NBA in the first place. I'm certain Franklin Mieuli of the Warriors would have paid me more than what I made with Oakland. I could have said, "Well, Franklin, they offered me this. What are you going to give me?" Then I could have gone back to the Oakland people and said, "He offered me this. What are you going to do about it?" But I didn't

want to hurt anybody and I didn't want to feel that I used them. Oakland made an offer and I took it. I just didn't count on the lack of finances in the Oaks' franchise.

It would be ridiculous for me to complain about making only \$75,000 with the Caps, but if I had played with San Francisco this season I would have made \$167,500. That was the contract I signed with the Warriors after the Oaks moved to Washington. I felt that my contract with the Oaks did not require me to leave the Bay area. But the Caps filed an injunction preventing me from playing with any other team until the courts decide which contract is binding.

Last August, when all this was beginning to take place, was a very emotional time for me. First, the Oaks' move shocked me. Then I was back with the Warriors, playing for the first time since I injured my left knee in March of last season. I had had the medial cartilage removed in an operation and many people were wondering if I could play as well as before. So was I.

The practice with the Warriors proved I could. I started going to the basket, stopping, cutting, moving well in a crowd. I was shooting the jump shot effortlessly. The people who were watching me said I wasn't favoring my left leg.

Then they slapped the injunction on me, stopping me from working out with the Warriors. I was in good shape by then, but I got out of shape because of the layoff the next two or three weeks.

Less than a week after I reported to the Caps I hurt my knee again. During a scrimmage, I drove and came down wrong on my left leg. Now the *lateral* cartilage was messed up. I tried to play anyway, but the knee gave out a couple of weeks later in a game in Charlotte. I'm not sure the layoff after the injunction caused it, but it definitely didn't help.

So there I was in Washington, where I didn't want to be in the first place, and having a second operation on my knee, this one leaving me with no cartilage at all.

After the operation I made all kinds of appearances for the Caps, did the color on TV and I tried in every way possible to help. I also used the time trying to get mentally adjusted to the idea of playing with no cartilage in my knee. I think I have. While I don't know of any other pro basketball player who has played without cartilage, I'd rather look at it another way: I don't know of any one who hasn't played because of it.

When I made my second comeback, in January, the knee would swell after games, but it would go down again. The biggest problem was getting my body in shape after the layoff. I would get tired easily. There wasn't any pain in the knee, just little noises. I don't know what it is except I know it's not my cartilage making noise. In a way, I'd like pain, if it meant I could go out and still play the next game. It's been frustrating for me to sit around so much because of injuries when I had never been hurt in my life. Before I was hurt the first time, I felt I was playing better than I ever had. That includes the 1966-67 season, when I won the NBA scoring title.

After sitting out the next season because of the option clause in my Warrior contract, I led the ABA in scoring average despite being hurt part of (Continued on page 72)

... so says Little himself, who, through his own diligence and Denver's better blocking has gone from flop to All-Star

By BILL LIBBY

A GROUP OF ambitious young men, heeding the Horace Greeley dictum, headed west to Denver in 1967 to seek fame and riches with the beaten-down Broncos of the AFL. Among the 22 rookies who assembled in front of firstyear coach Lou Saban, himself an emigre from the East, was Floyd Douglas Little. Little brought with him a pile of All-America clippings from the University of Syracuse, a contract for \$130,000 as the Broncos' No. 1 draft choice, his wife Joyce and a sincere desire to play football anywhere but in Denver. "It was the last place on earth I wanted to go," he says.

As the season progressed, Denver wasn't exactly thrilled with Little, either, or the rest of the young Turks on the Bronco squad. The price of inexperience in pro football is pain—to body and/or psyche—and Little, his young teammates and the Bronco fans paid dearly. Denver finished last in the AFL West with a 3-11 record, and All-America Floyd Little headed the list of individual disappointments. He totaled only 381 yards rushing, less than three per carry, with no gain longer than 14. He made many mis-

takes and fumbled frequently. He did lead the league in kickoff returns and was among the leaders in punt returns, but he found little solace in that. A perfectionist used to nothing but success, Floyd brooded about his failure and his team's.

But that was three years ago, and much has changed. The Broncos seemed to grow more sure of themselves with every game and improved to 5-9 in '68. This past season they were a far-better-than-it-looks 5-8-1, with victories over the Jets and the Chargers, and much more respectable losses to the colossi of the AFL, Kansas City and Oakland. And the most dramatic individual improvement shown by any Bronco was the rebirth of Floyd Little, whose 729 yards rushing in '69 was fifth best in the league and whose five-yard-per-carry average tied Boston rookie Carl Garrett's mark for best in the AFL. He was named Denver's offensive captain, pointed out by his coach as one of the team's leaders, and acknowledged by his peers to be one of the game's outstanding runners.

Understandably, Little's mental attitude has improved in direct proportion to his success on the field. "The big thing is the team doing some winning," he says. "Not all our games yet. Not even most. But some, which is more than we're used to. And I'm helping. Because I'm being helped. The great runners have great blocking. I can go when the fellows block ahead of me to spring me loose. Like

me, my blockers have been green pros, just learning, making mistakes, getting upset. I didn't see a decent hole for almost two years. Now we're all maturing. And Floyd Little, barring injuries, is on his way again."

Opponents discovered right at the start of 1969 that Floyd Little was on his way again. Floyd gained 105 yards in an opening victory over Boston, then picked up 104 in the upset of New York, a total that does not include a 52-yard punt return that rallied the Broncos from a 13-0 deficit. An injury in the third quarter against the Jets caused him to miss the next game, but he picked right up the following two weeks. He gained 63 yards running, 56 returning kicks and 70 catching passes on a muddy field against Kansas City, then rushed for 92 yards against Oakland.

At Cincinnati, he amassed a team record 166 yards in 29 carries, including a flashy 48-yard scoring effort in which he reversed his field twice and faked out two tacklers en route to the end zone for the key touchdown in a 30-23 victory. In the Astrodome in Houston, Floyd rushed for 65 yards, carried a screen pass 39 yards to help spark a late rally, then threw a perfect option pass that Mike Haffner dropped as he ran into the end zone. The game was lost by three points.

The losses still outnumber the victories in Denver, but Little has learned to live with that—another sign of his new maturity. "The pro season, including exhibitions, is twice as long

"FLOYD LITTLE IS ON HIS WAY AGAIN"

as the college season and we've been getting beat twice as much," he says. "In past seasons, I'd brood over every mistake or failure. I'd feel rubberlegged and bushed before midseason. and I'd be discouraged from midseason on. One of the things you learn as a pro is that the other guys are good, too, and they're gonna beat you on some plays. You've got to just forget it and fight back on the next play. You've got to take the long view of the season. You have to psych yourself to do your best no matter what. That's what you're being paid for. This is a business. I still enjoy the game, but I approach it as a pro now, not as a rah-rah amateur."

The rah-rah amateur of three years ago has changed his thinking in many ways, including his opinion of Denver. He no longer considers the place a cross between Tombstone and Alaska. "Joyce and I figured Denver was some hick town in the wild west where people lived hip-deep in snow half the time," he says with a grin. "But we found out it seldom snows. It's cold, but so are other places. We found out it's a beautiful town where a black man is treated beautifully, like any other man. We'd be happy to live here forever."

The night before the first San Diego game last season, Joyce Little beat Floyd, seven games to five, on the pool table in the basement of their Denver home. They hovered over the table like hustlers, wisecracking but deadly ser- (Continued on page 78)



A GATHERING OF HOCKEY'S ELITE THE NULL COLUMN'T have picked a worse

THE NHL COULDN'T have picked a worse night for its 23rd annual All-Star game. It was played this past January 20, the same night as the NBA All-Star game and the computer fight between Rocky Marciano and Cassius Clay. Still, as usual, the game was a huge success. St. Louis proved to be a hospitable site and 16,587 fans turned out. Not surprisingly, the East avenged last season's 3-3 tie by out-skating the West for a 4-1 win. Only some fantastic goaltending by 41-year-old Blue Jacques Plante, who stopped 26 shots in a period and a half, kept the score respectable.

East coach Claude Ruel of Montreal told his team to go out and "don't stop to skate." Whatever the advice meant, the players learned that it gets results. Next year, though, the East coach may need stronger words, because Chicago—with All-Stars Bobby Hull, Stan Mikita and Tony Esposito—will then be part of the West.



Goalie Jacques Plante (above) was a hero in defeat, with some magnificent saves against the East including the Bobbies, Orr (No. 4) and Hull (shooting at right).





Boston's Johnny McKenzie did get a taste of defense, and sticks, when he was stiffly checked by the Kings' Bill White in front of the net (left).

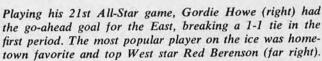






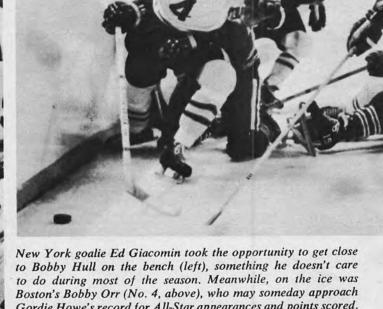
The hardest task for the two coaches—the Blues' Scotty Bowman (left, above) and the Canadiens' Claude Ruel (left)—was deciding who to play, and when, during the fast action. Plante gave West rooters a thrill late in the game when he wandered out and stopped Toronto's Ron Ellis (above).

This year's game was marked by the appearance of 13 players who never before had been in an All-Star game. Such veterans as Jean Beliveau, Alex Delvecchio, Norm Ullman and Henri Richard failed to make the East squad. They were replaced by men like Walt Tkaczuk, Brad Park, Tony Esposito and Jacques Lemaire. But it was still the old guard who starred. Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull (who have been in 30 games between them) scored the big goals for the East. For Howe it was his tenth goal in All-Star play, another record, and further proof that the veteran of 24 NHL seasons may still be a long way from retirement.

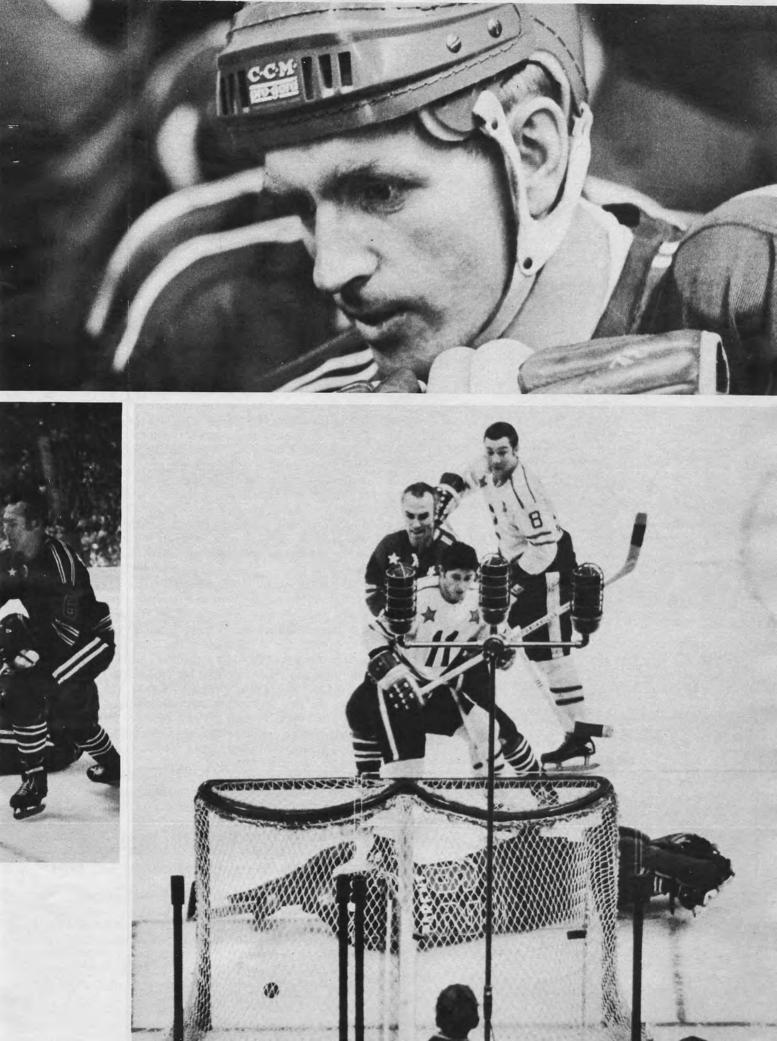








to Bobby Hull on the bench (left), something he doesn't care to do during most of the season. Meanwhile, on the ice was Boston's Bobby Orr (No. 4, above), who may someday approach Gordie Howe's record for All-Star appearances and points scored. Orr repeatedly squeezed past the West's defense to start one of his rink-long advances. The final goal was scored by another of the league's young stars, the Rangers' Walter Tkaczuk (No. 11, right) who got around Oakland's Harry Howell and then powered the puck past sprawling Philadelphia goalie Bernie Parent.



AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL,



Marciano (left) and Clay, before the Great Computer Fight . . .

By BRIAN GLANVILLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last month you may recall reading an excerpt from The Olympian, a prize-winning novel by SPORT's European Contributing Editor, Brian Glanville. This month Glanville writes on the recent Marciano-Clay computer fight, which he viewed while in the United States for the London Times.

"YOU DON'T HAVE to have guys fighting," said a large and disillusioned artist, emerging from the Cinerama movie theatre in New York. "It's like *The Selling of the President*. From now on everything is plastic."

Well, yes, I suppose it is. Yet for a non-event, the Clay-Marciano computer fight was remarkably, perhaps even ominously, successful. It brought in \$2½ million, most of them from customers who paid \$5 a seat to watch the "fight"—if that is the appropriate word—in movie theatres throughout America. In the Boston Garden, the main event was preceded by a program of bouts fought by live, flesh-and-blood boxers; the price was \$10, and 7000 willing souls paid it.

There are several more or less objective ways of looking at the entire strange phenomenon. The most pessimistic would probably be to regard it as one further step towards the dehumanization of sport, itself a symptom of the dehumanization of mankind and his society. The Olympic athlete treats his body like an engine and is a sad slave to the stopwatch. The American football player is a creature of rigid tactics and other people's thinking. So, by the same token, the real, live boxer becomes obsolete, redundant. You can have a saleable contest without him. Or rather, he may be there in the person of a plump, middle-aged man with a shiny new toupee and a formidable stomach. The stage beyond that, clearly enough, is to do it with actors.

At the time of writing, there is talk of following the success of the Clay-Marciano . . . thing with a . . . thing between Sugar Ray Robinson and Nino Benvenuti. I could tell you now who would win were the two ever put in the same ring during Robinson's prime, but computers, as we saw at the Cinerama, have ways of their own. Thereby, perhaps, hangs the real suspense, the sublime, magnetic uncertainty of it all.

A second, rather different way of looking at what happened on the night of January 20 would be to rejoice that the blood lust of boxing crowds can now be happily sated with artificial gore—of the kind which flowed in such abundance down Marciano's Mount Rushmore-like features. If spectators are prepared to take it all "for real," and it was evident at the Cinerama that many of them were, two

COME OUT FIGHTING

(but do not fold, spindle or mutilate)

problems have been solved with one blow. New life, of a factitious and celluloid kind, has been breathed into a dying sport, while the old necessity for human sacrifice now goes by the board.

In parenthesis, there is a clear analogy here with professional wrestling, a sport with no inner rationale and little connection with the amateur wrestling out of which it grew. Professional wrestling is what the Italians would call "spectacle"; a kind of theatre, a thing of villains and heroes, a vulgar, modern morality play. People go simply to be entertained, and the women, especially, enter into the strange spirit of the thing with hysterical zest. "Villains" are quite often attacked; some have even been stabbed to death. Why, then, should boxing not be turned into the same kind of mere performance, and taken a stage furtheron to celluloid? In human and sociological terms, after all, the decline of professional boxing can be seen only as a benign symptom, its prevalence as a malign one. It is well enough established that a professional boxer, by and large, comes out of the slums, the submerged tenth, the teeming streets of Mexico City, or the Negro ghettoes. But if it satisfies—or satisfied—the kind of primitivism which was once catered to in the Roman Colosseum, surely it is better far to cater to it on celluloid?

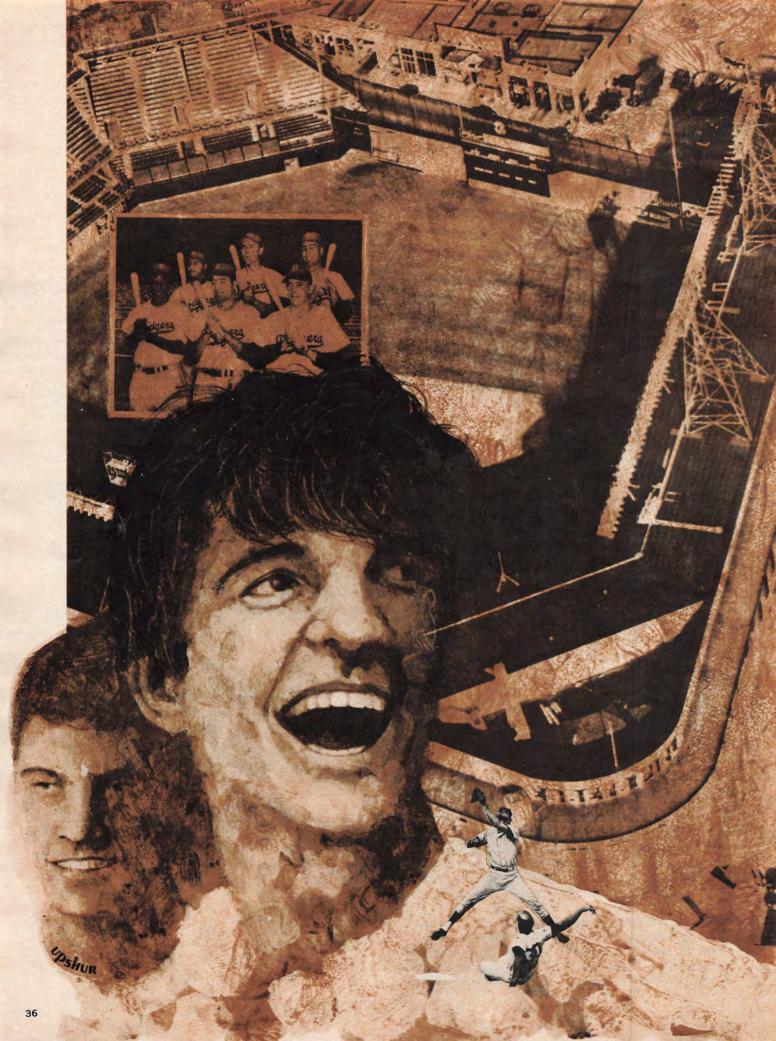
During the cheers and counter cheers at the Cinerama—the noisy black identification with Clay, the white backlash which brought applause for Marciano—I was reminded of a passage in a novel by the English writer Christopher Isherwood. Set in Germany just before the Nazi conquest of power in 1933, it described the scene in a boxing booth where a "challenger," who has quite openly been chatting with the booth boxer's seconds, comes forward to tremendous applause to fight and beat him. If people were ready to believe in this, thought Isherwood, it did not say much for their powers of political discrimination.

This would be hard to argue in the specific case of Nazi Germany, but there may be a danger in spreading the generalization too wide. People do, after all, want in certain contexts to be entertained. They want to suspend disbelief, whether it be in the Cinerama on January 20, the theatre or the cinema. Everyone, after all, knows perfectly well that Hamlet, Macbeth and Lear are going to end the evening a corpse; it does not prevent their going to the theatre, and getting swept up by the action of the play.

The day after watching Marciano and Clay go through their antics, I was talking to a producer who had been to see the Broadway musical, (Continued on page 76)



... and going at each other in earnest, 129 variables per man.



EPPETS LIEF

By JAY NEUGEBOREN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jay Neugeboren wrote the moving story on Dave Stallworth in the February issue of SPORT, but primarily he writes novels and short stories. His first novel, Big Man, about a basketball star caught up in the point-fixing scandals of the early 1950s, was received warmly by critics. His second novel, Listen Ruben Fontanez, was also a critical success. His latest book, Corky's Brother, from which this story is taken, vaults Neugeboren to the front rank of gifted young American writers.

EDDIE GOTTLIEB moved into my neighborhood in the fall of 1955 and I knew right away we were going to become pretty good friends. I was in the eighth grade then, at P.S. 92, and Eddie was brought into my official class about two weeks after school had started. At that time I was going through what my parents called one of my "growing periods"-always talking out in class, making some wiseacre remark, or doing something stupid to get attention, and for this I'd been rewarded with a seat right in front of the teacher's desk, with nobody allowed to sit next to me.

There were no other empty seats in the room, so when our teacher, Mrs. Demetri, told us that we were going to get a new boy in our class I figured he'd be sitting next to me. Our official class hadn't changed much since first grade and it was always a pretty big event when somebody new came into it. When I saw Eddie walk through the door behind Mr. Weiner, the assistant principal, though, my heart really

jumped. I could tell right away he was a good ballplayer. He was very tall and lanky-about six-two then -with thick curly hair that reached down into the collar of his shirt. He sort of shuffled into the room, moving very slowly, his body swaying from side to side, his arms swinging freely. They were real long, coming down just about to his kneecaps. He kept staring at the floor, and when we all started laughing and giggling he must have thought we were laughing at him, because he blushed and fidgeted with his hands and feet a lot; what we were laughing at, though, was not the way Eddie looked but at the way he looked coming in behind Mr. Weiner, and I think Mr. Weiner knew it, because his face got all red and angry. He was only about fivefoot-one or two, and when he walked he took huge steps, almost as if he were goose-stepping. At lunchtime we would always prance around the school yard or the lunchroom, mimicking him, and the teachers would never try very hard to make us stop. He was already at Mrs. Demetri's desk, right in front of me, and Eddie was only a couple of steps away from the door when he whirled around and glared at him.

"What's taking you so long?" he demanded. "Come here!"

Then, I remember, Eddie grinned broadly and in two giant steps he was in front of Mr. Weiner, towering over him, standing at attention, still grinning. We broke into hysterics. Mr. Weiner glared at us and we stopped. "Now, young man," he said to Eddie, "wipe that grin off your face. What are you

—some kind of gangling idiot?" Eddie shrugged. "I don't know," he said.

We laughed again and Mr. Weiner turned on us. "All right then. Who wants to be the first to have a private conference in my office today?" he asked.

We shut up. Eddie was staring at the floor again. I could tell that he knew he had done something wrong—but it was obvious he didn't know what it was.

"What's that in your pocket?" Mr. Weiner asked him, pointing.

"A baseball."

"Let me see it."

Eddie put his lunchbag on my desk and twisted the ball out of his side pocket. He showed it to Mr. Weiner. When Mr. Weiner reached for it, though, he pulled his hand away.

"Let me have it," Mr. Weiner demanded.

"No," Eddie said, and he put his hand behind his back, gripping the ball tightly. I could tell from the printing that it was an Official National League ball. It was really beautiful!

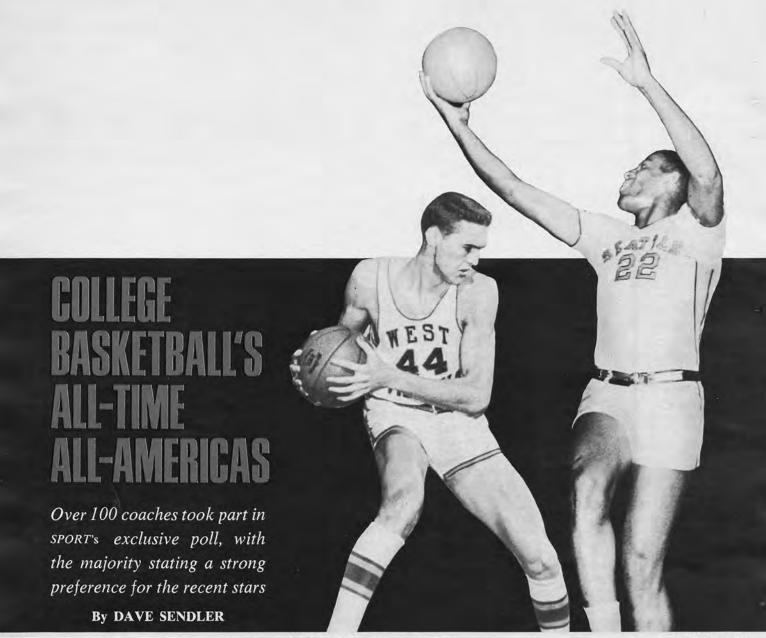
"I said let me have it!"

Eddie shook his head sideways. "It's mine," he said. Everybody was perfectly quiet. I glanced across the room at Izzie and Corky and Louie. They were on the edge of their seats.

"Young man, you will let me have it by the time I count three or I will know the reason why!"

"Do you promise you'll give it back?" Eddie asked.

Mr. Weiner blinked. "Do I what?" Eddie was (Continued on page 66)



JERRY WEST

ELGIN BAYLOR

YOU OPEN THE voting for best college player ever and you can understand coach Press Maravich's favorite-son nomination: Pete Maravich. But Johnny Wooden's choice . . . well, you've got to say the UCLA coach is one-up on Richard Nixon when it comes to discovering a talent. Spiro Agnew may not have been exactly a household word throughout America, but at least Maryland knew him as Governor. Wooden went historicalback to the 1930s—and small-town folksy-to Indiana's Franklin College. "I've never seen a better player than Franklin's Robert (Fuzzy) Vandiver," Wooden told Sport. And Wooden, winner of five NCAA titles and coach of several All-Americas, should know, shouldn't he?

Vandiver and another 85 more-or-

less household names popped up as SPORT canvassed the nation's current and former coaches for (1) their all-time college All-America team (first and second squads) and (2) their selection as the best college player of all-time.

Vandiver had some stiff competition in an election that produced such quirks as:

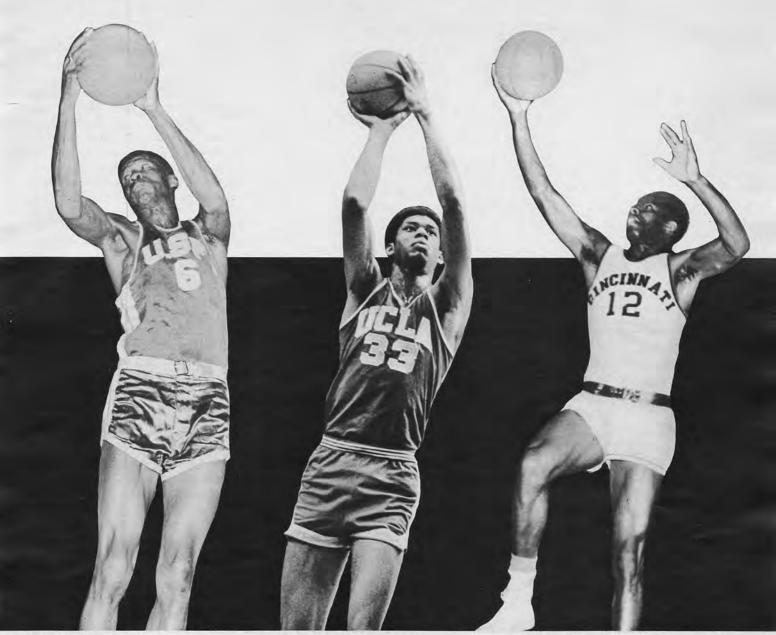
- * The top vote-getter on the first team outdistancing his nearest rival by 82 points—yet finishing only third in the all-time player count.
- * Relegating the greatest scoring machine in pro history to the third team
- * Leaving two of the three most prolific college scorers off the first two squads.

* Having only one college repre-

sented more than once on the first three squads—a school not really known as a consistent basketball power.

Responses came from 110 coaches. A player received five points for each first-team vote and three for each mention on the second team. The separate tallying of the best-player-ever balloting allowed one point per vote.

Though the coaches were requested to pick by position, it isn't surprising that they put two centers on the first team. Few were willing to choose between Lew Alcindor, who carried UCLA to three consecutive NCAA championships, and Bill Russell, who drove San Francisco to two straight national titles. The two guards, Oscar Robertson of Cincinnati and Jerry West of West Virginia, ran away from



BILL RUSSELL

their nearest backcourt competitors, and the fifth man, forward Elgin Baylor of Seattle, made the team by a respectable margin.

Robertson, the second-highest scorer in major-college history, drew the top total of 416 points (to runner-up Russell's 334). But when it came to choosing the best player of all-time, the vote went to Russell—"the first man," said coach Hank Iba of Oklahoma State, "to make people keep the ball outside." Russell led his team to 55 straight victories in his last two seasons and brought the art of blocking shots to a new and terrifying level. Bill's 29 votes won him the honor over Alcindor (24 votes) and Robertson (17)

The second team was especially interesting for the men it did not include.

LEW ALCINDOR

Louisiana State's Pete Maravich, who scored more career points than any other major-college player, didn't make it. Houston's Elvin Hayes, thirdhighest scorer ever, was missing. And so was Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas. Wilt was an All-America in the two seasons he played . . . he was the MVP of the NCAA tournament in 1957 . . . he was a force who compelled the rigging of special defenses . . . and he subsequently became the most productive scorer in pro history. Still, he lost out to George Mikan of DePaul as second-team center. Mikan was joined by Jerry Lucas of Ohio State and Tom Gola of LaSalle at forwards and Bob Cousy of Holy Cross and Bill Bradley of Princeton at the guards.

The third team had Chamberlain, Maravich, Hank Luisetti of Stanford,

OSCAR ROBERTSON

Bob Pettit of Louisiana State and Ralph Beard of Kentucky. LSU, never a perennial force like, say, Kentucky, was the only school placing two men on the first three squads. (Kentucky, of course, did have five men getting votes—Beard, Frank Ramsey, Cliff Hagan, Alex Groza and Bill Spivey.)

Some entries, it seems, were put forward more for nostalgia than for strictly objective reasons. Bevo Francis, for example, got nine points. Francis, a 6-9 player out of little Rio Grande College in Ohio (96 students), got national attention when he averaged 48.3 points a game in 1953. Then, in 1954, he scored 113 points in a game against Hillsdale. The '53 scoring average and the 113-point game were NAIA record performances.

THE ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICAS

FIRST TEAM

			VARSITY	
	HT	COLLEGE	YEARS	VOTES
Oscar Robertson	6-5	Cincinnati	'57-60	416
Bill Russell	6-9	San Francisco	'53-56	334
Lew Alcindor	7-2	UCLA	'66-69	325
Jerry West	6-3	West Virginia	'57-60	302
Elgin Baylor	6-5	Idaho	'54-55	214
		Seattle	'56-58	

SECOND TEAM

			VARSITY	
	HT	COLLEGE	YEARS	VOTES
Bob Cousy	6-0	Holy Cross	'47-50	199
Jerry Lucas	6-8	Ohio State	'59-62	192
Bill Bradley	6-5	Princeton	'62-65	174
George Mikan	6-10	DePaul	'42-46	158
Tom Gola	6-6	LaSalle	'52-55	141

THIRD TEAM

				VARSITY	
	HT	COLLEGE		YEARS	VOTES
Hank Luisetti	6-3	Stanford		'35-38	132
Bob Pettit	6-9	Louisiana	State	'51-54	130
Pete Maravich	6-5	Louisiana	State	'67-70	128
Wilt Chamberlain	7-1	Kansas		'56-58	113
Ralph Beard	5-11	Kentucky		'45-49	48

OUTSTANDING PLAYER

Bill Russell, 29 votes (Others receiving five or more votes—Lew Alcindor, 24; Oscar Robertson, 17; Elgin Baylor, 5; Pete Maravich, 5; Hank Luisetti, 5.)

Johnny Wooden admits the emotional push of his response to Franklin's Fuzzy Vandiver. "He was ahead of me in high school," recalls Wooden, "and I was very impressionable then. Vandiver was my idol. He was six feet or so and he could dribble, pass and shoot. For three straight years he led his high school team to the Indiana state championship. And that was no mean feat since Indiana is a breeding ground for great basketball players. Vandiver went on to star at Franklin College and the team beat such larger schools as Notre Dame and Purdue.

Wooden also touts another man from his playing days, Charles (Stretch) Murphy, an All-America in 1929 and 1930. "We played together for a year at Purdue," says Wooden, "and Stretch, 6-7, was one of the first great big men. He was fast. He could jump. He could shoot. And he was a team player. I believe we lost just once that season and it happened when we had some injuries." Wooden, by the way, received 25 points in the balloting.

Another sentimental choice came from South Carolina's Frank Mc-Guire. He listed Lennie Rosenbluth as a first-team forward. Rosenbluth was the high scorer for McGuire in 1956-57, when Frank coached the University of North Carolina to a 32-0 season, the best record ever for an NCAA champion. Carolina did it with a dramatic finish, winning successive triple-overtime games against Michigan State and Chamberlain's Kansas to capture the title. Rosenbluth's 140 points in five games were high for the tournament. "He was 6-5 and too skinny ever to make the pros," Mc-Guire says affectionately, "but he was a great jump shooter and a great college All-America."

The 15 greatest All-Americas, as selected in Sport's poll, won praise for their obvious achievements, but also drew both compliments and criticism for less-noticed aspects of their games.

Robertson, naturally, got recognition as an unstoppable one-on-one player. He was national scoring leader in his three varsity seasons while his team took 79 of 88 games and three Missouri Valley Conference crowns. Coach Wooden, though, remembers Oscar as an assist man: "He was great because he looked for the pass first. Most others look for the shot. He was

a team man and he got his points, too."
But for all his individual feats, he was denied the honor that perhaps he cherished most: He never won a national title with Cincinnati.

Russell, on the other hand, was a winner twice, amassing spectacular scoring statistics. No one was much awed with his shooting touch, but he could stuff and hook and put in clutch points. He was the leading scorer and MVP in the NCAA tournament in 1955 and he scored 23 points in the title win over LaSalle. Defense, of course, was his forte and his 1956 team limited the opposition to just 52.2 points a game. "He didn't have Robertson's all-round skills," says Iba, "but he is the greatest defensive player ever."

Alcindor, with a talented set of teammates, enjoyed an unprecedented prosperity in college. In his three varsity years, UCLA lost only two games while Lew was averaging 26.4 points per game and shooting 62.4 percent from the field, an NCAA record. He was a three-time All-America and won the MVP award for the NCAA tourney all three years. Says Wooden, Lew's coach: "There was no one as valuable as Alcindor."

Frank McGuire calls Jerry West "perhaps the greatest pure shooter" in basketball, and adds some observations on Jerry's attitude that show what makes the talented into superstars: "Jerry had played a game one night in which he scored 26 points. but he felt he had not done as well as he should. He was in the gym the next morning at ten to practice shooting for an hour or so-all alone. That night he went out and scored 36. Another time, I saw him break his nose in a game against Kentucky. He went to the sideline to get it packed and then went right back to work. He got 26 points in that game." Jerry and his West Virginia team got one good shot at the national championship in 1959, when they played California in the finals. West was the game's high scorer with 28 points, but the team lost, 71-70.

For sheer excitement on the court, Elgin Baylor had no peers. With his soft jump shot and those twisting, hanging miracle shots around the basket, Baylor produced points. He averaged more than 30 a game in 1957-58 and made it all the way to the finals with his Seattle team. But though he scored 25 points against

Kentucky and was named the MVP of the tourney, Seattle lost, 84-72.

Cousy, top vote-getter on the second all-time All-America squad, is rated by Rupp "as maybe the greatest ballhandler of them all." "I picked him over Oscar," says Frank McGuire, "because he was so great every time I saw him. He'd take the in-bounds pass at one end of the court and have it down at the other end and in the basket in four seconds. He'd usually hit the open man underneath, but he could shoot the ball, too," Cousy played for the Holy Cross NCAA champs in 1947 and helped them put together an 18-game winning streak in 1947-48.

Pete Newell, who coached such players as Robertson and West on the U.S. Olympic squad, said that another of his Olympic standouts, Jerry Lucas, is "the best player I have ever coached." Lucas was the center for an Ohio State team that took three straight Big Ten titles, one NCAA championship, and 78 of 84 games in all. An unselfish player, he passed off frequently, yet still managed to average 24.3 points a game. He could hook inside and hit from outside as well and he paced the nation all three years in field-goal percentage.

Bradley averaged 30.1 points a game over his three All-America seasons and is remembered for his uncanny passing as well as for his shooting. His 58 points against Wichita in his last college game in 1965 set an NCAA tourney record. "Bradley," says Adolph Rupp, "is possibly the best shooter I've seen in college."

Mikan, at 6-10 and 245 pounds, set up inside and, though not terribly agile, would throw his weight around as a scorer and rebounder. He was top scorer in the National Invitation Tournament in both 1944 and 1945 and reached a high of 53 against Rhode Island in the '45 tourney. In an AP poll, he was named the best basketball player for the first 50 years of the 20th century.

"I'm not sure Gola was enthusiastic every night," says Hank Iba, "but when he wanted to beat you, he could." Said Tom's coach Ken Loeffler: "I have never seen any one player control a game by himself as well as Gola does." A 6-6 forward, Gola could rebound, shoot and play defense. As a freshman in 1952, Gola was cowinner of the NIT's MVP award. La-Salle beat Dayton in the finals. He was

MVP and leading scorer in LaSalle's triumph in the NCAA tourney in 1954

Luisetti, who led the third team in votes, pioneered the one-hand shot. While Hank set a national scoring record for his four years (1596 points), Johnny Wooden says Luisetti "wasn't as good a player as some of the others" on Sport's top three squads.

Pettit didn't play with the flash of, say, a Baylor. But he did everything a 6-9 player should. He was an aggressive rebounder, a strong scorer and an excellent defender. He was an All-America in 1953-54.

Maravich, the only current collegian on the first three squads, burst upon the college scene at a record-setting pace of 43.8 points a game his sophomore year and never let up. "Maravich," says Frank McGuire, "can do everything with a basketball. He can pass. He got 55 points against Kentucky and you know Rupp's teams always play good defense."

Rupp reports that some of those 55 were made against his subs, but adds: "Maravich has lots of great moves and I was impressed one time when he was double-teamed in backcourt and burned a pass underneath that reached a teammate just a half-step ahead of my man."

Beard, who made the third team by one point over Kentucky teammate Alex Groza, supplied backcourt speed and outside shooting for those great Kentucky teams of the late 1940s. Twice an All-America, he played with one NIT and two NCAA titlists.

Fifteen years ago, SPORT conducted a similar poll, and it is interesting to note that not a man from the 1955 first team of Luisetti, Mikan, Cousy, Gola and Chuck Hyatt (of Pittsburgh) reached similar heights in 1970. Mikan, voted the best player ever in 1955, placed ninth in that department in 1970.

Adolph Rupp, who has coached more than 1000 games for Kentucky since 1930, put it all in perspective for SPORT when he said over the telephone, "You may want to know that there's a 7-1 student here, Tom Payne, who just walked past my office and he may be better than all of them." That was the future marching. Would you believe the Alcindors, Russells, Robertsons, Wests and Baylors as second- and third-teamers 15 years from now? Better be prepared.

PEACE, JOE PEP

BY GEORGE VECSEY

A NEW YORK WRITER BIDS GODSPEED AS THE LIKABLE "BAD BOY" LEAVES THE YANKEES AND SAILS OFF INTO THE HOUSTON SUNSET

BYE BYE, JOE PEP. You never did anything mean.

They're going to remember you around New York as an underachiever, a bad boy who was present at the crumbling of the dynasty. Some of your old Yankee teammates are going to remember you losing your concentration when you should have been knocking in runs. The fans are going to remember you for your long hair.

Me, I'm going to remember other things about Joe Pepitone. Like last year, when he hit his home runs and landed on home plate with both feet and gave the "V for victory" sign with his fingers. He said it stood for "peace, for love, man, 'cause I love everybody."

I'm not sure Joe Pep knew there was a war in Vietnam. But if he had, he would have been against it. He was, among other things, a flower child. He liked everybody and everybody liked him. That was one of the sad things about it.

Now the Yankees have unloaded Joe Pep to Houston for Curt Blefary, and in New York people are saying the Yankees made a steal. It is quite possible that Blefary will do more for the Yankees than Peppy did. But maybe Joe Pep will hit a million homers in Houston. Maybe he won't let the rednecks and the distant fences and the uptight Judge Hofheinz beat him down.

Maybe Joe Pep's new hairdressing salon in Brooklyn will make him a million dollars and maybe he can get his second marriage back together again and maybe he can become the ballplayer they said he should have been. He's 29 and he's running out of time.

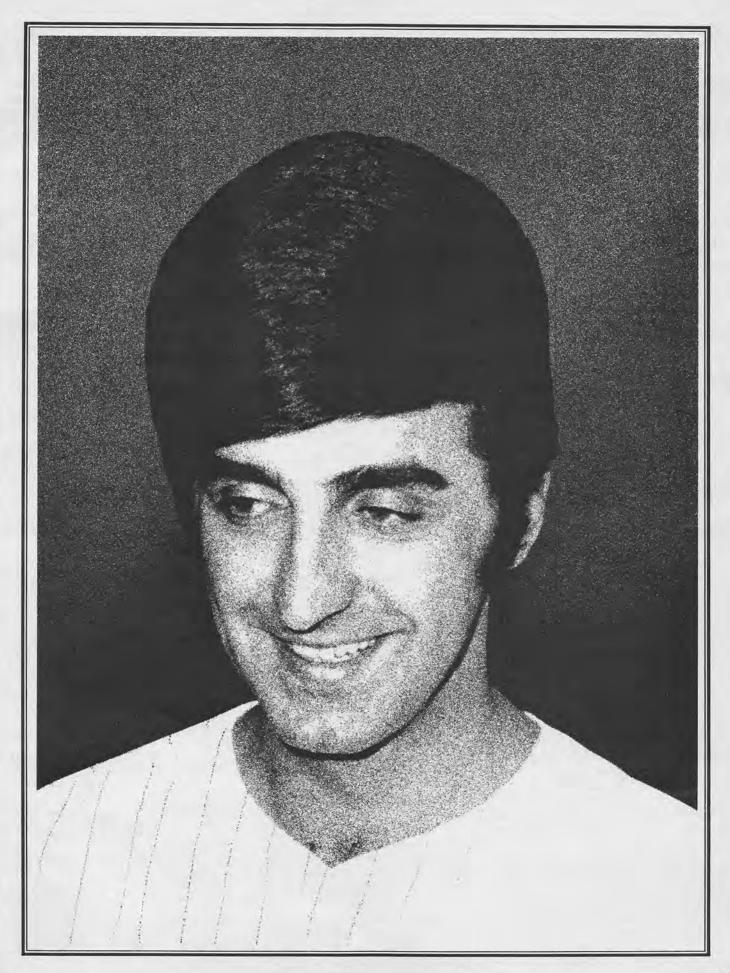
I know I'm rooting for Joe Pep, because he was a nice guy with the Yankees. I mean, he was chatting with reporters when Mickey Mantle was burping at us and Bobby Richardson was giving us sanctimonious, monosyllabic answers. Peppy helped blow the Yankees' minds even before Michael Burke told them that the fans and the reporters were not exactly vermin.

Let the Yankees remember Joe Pep for missing a signal. Let the front office remember him for the bills he couldn't pay. Joe Pep had his weaknesses but he never had contempt for himself or anybody else.

He had a favorite saying from the movie "No Way to Treat a Lady," in which Rod Steiger portrays a rather feminine interior decorator. Two old ladies are hostile to Steiger and he bats his eyelashes and twiddles his wrists and lisps, "Well, that doesn't mean I'm not a nice person."

This was Joe Pep's big line in his last anguished season of 1969. He was up to his wig in debt. He was paying money to wives on both coasts. The players were whispering that the loan sharks were after him. To take his mind off his miseries, Joe Pep liked to joke about his extravagant hair-do, his floral shirts, his bell-bottom slacks. The Yankees teased him about his outfit and, knowing full well about his girl friends in every city, they teased him about his masculinity.

"Well," Joe Pep used to lisp, enjoying being the center of attention. "I may hit you with my pocketbook—but that doesn't mean I'm not a nice person."



He wasn't bad. He was just a trifle irresponsible. He could have slipped and sloshed with the Yankees another five years, perhaps, but they grew tired of waiting for him to grow up. Now he is loose in the wide open spaces of Texas, which will either stimulate him or destroy him. He is just a kid from Brooklyn and right now he is very far from home.

To appreciate where Joe Pep is at, we go back to the roots, back to Brooklyn's Park Slope section in the '40s and '50s, where the first- and second-generation Italian men worked in construction or on the waterfront, where women made pasta and babies, and where everybody rooted for the Dodgers, and where everybody was a little bit tough.

When Joey was eight years old, his 20-year-old uncle took him out in the backyard behind his grandfather's house. The uncle stood 40 feet away and heaved a baseball at the little boy. If the youngster missed, the uncle would run over and slug him.

"I had a lot of bleeding mouths in those days," Joe Pep would recall in later years, perhaps exaggerating just a bit. "Then, because I was more afraid of my uncle than of the ball, I started catching and stopped bleeding."

Joey bled again when he was 17. This time he was the star centerfielder for Manual Training High. He was standing in the washroom one afternoon when a buddy proudly played show-and-tell with a .38 Colt revolver. Everybody was impressed with the little plaything—until it misfired, shooting a bullet into Joe Pepitone's chest, missing the heart and the lungs by a millimeter. The police arrested the boy with the gun; the story is still in the files at the New York Times, where I work. Joe Pepitone needed an operation at Methodist Hospital to keep him alive. He lost 20 pounds in the next month and maybe that trauma was when he started going bald, too.

Joey recovered in time to play ball that spring. But his father, only 39 years old, died of a stroke, leaving Joey without anybody to kick him in the tail. He always needed a father figure. He knew it himself. But he failed Ralph Houk so often, he felt guilty about it. Good luck, Harry Walker.

Joe Pep was not exactly college material, not without a high school diploma, but he was worth a \$25,000 bonus from the Yankees after he

gained back his 20 pounds. One boat, one car, one wardrobe, one wife and two children later, he was broke again. He never did grasp the basics of economics, but it was part of his charm.

But Joe Pep could hit. It was the only thing keeping him out of the Sanitation Department. He hit so good, the Yankees gave him the first base job in 1962. He screwed it up and wound up back in Richmond, but the Yankees still traded away Moose Skowron after 1962. They handed the job back to Joe Pep. Mickey Mantle was in center. Roger Maris was in right. Elston Howard, Yogi Berra, Whitey Ford. And Joe Pep was expected to fit right in.

Most of the old Yankees, except for Ford, used to do their best not to talk to reporters. But Peppy did the old grumps a favor. He needed attention, so he took some of the pressure off Mantle by juggling oranges or doing somersaults or cracking jokes, whatever the audience wanted. He was supposed to be the next Joe DiMaggio, but Mantle and the others encouraged him to be the team mascot.

"Hey, Peppy, show them your scar," Mantle used to drawl when a pack of reporters drew near. And Pepitone would take off his shirt and finger the reddish-brown blotch.

"I come from a tough neighborhood
. . ." Peppy would begin.

Gradually, the Yankee clubhouse became a more friendly place. Jim Bouton, the thinking pitcher. Phil Linz, the laughing utility man. Tom Tresh, a decent chap. And Joe Pep.

While the Yankees were blowing the 1964 World Series to the Cardinals, most of the team ran and hid from the press. Mantle sat in the inner sanctum of the television room and sucked on a beer. Al Downing peered out of the trainer's room and waited out the inquisition. But Joe Pepitone and a few others talked like human beings. That's how I'll remember Joe Pep.

Then the Yankees slid. Thump. Sixth place. One of the foremost villains was Joe Pep. He had not matured. He had a rash of problems in 1965 and his performance was spotty. His season was very dismal. There were days when he just couldn't play the game.

"Garbage," hissed Johnny Keane, the manager whose heart was broken by the Yankees. "Some people are garbage all their lives." In May of 1966, Keane was fired and rugged Ralph Houk returned as manager. Peppy talked about this being a big chance for him to reform, and for a few weeks he reformed. But after every promise of a "new Joe Pepitone," the old one would reappear.

Then there was a second marriage, to a young actress with a stunning figure and a quick mind. Joe was in love. He raved about his new wife—about her cooking, about her family, about her brains.

"This is it," he said. "I'm fixed for life."

But by the winter of 1968-69, Joe was off in California, spending a month as a houseguest of Frank Sinatra. When he came to spring training, he was asked about the marriage.

"I've got troubles," he said. "Right now I'm not very married."

There were some of us who thought Mantle's retirement would be the best thing that could happen to Joe. Mantle showed a lot of personal courage by playing with his aching body, perhaps, but his moods depressed the Yankees more than they knew. Who wants to be caught up in somebody else's Wagnerian tragedy? When Mantle retired on March 1, 1969, Peppy no longer had to play the clown for Mantle. He had nobody left to impress. This was his latest chance of a lifetime to grow up.

"Not only that," he reasoned. "But look at all the money they're saving on Mickey's salary. If I had a good year, I could get a lot of that money. Man, I need that money."

So we looked for a new Joe Pep in 1969 and some days we'd see it. Like the day in Detroit. . . . Well, actually, it started the night before.

When the Yankees checked into Detroit on Thursday night, Peppy was given a typical room in the Sheraton Cadillac. That is, a closet with a bed. But Peppy may have been expecting company and he didn't care to spend the evening in such a confining atmosphere.

While Peppy was bargaining with the room clerk for a bigger closet, Bruce Henry wandered by. Henry is the Yankee road secretary and he has a soft spot in his heart for young swingers. It just so happened that Lee MacPhail, the Yankee general manager, was not traveling to Detroit, so his reserved suite was empty. Bruce Henry, in a moment of compassion, let Peppy have the suite.

"That was a little better," Peppy recalled later. "A nice big bed. A color television. And a bottle of cheer with Mr. MacPhail's name on it. I called downstairs and asked them if I had to send the bottle back. They said no. Oh yeah, they even had a basket of fruit. But no flowers. How come no flowers?" The adornments of liquor and fruit were clearly to impress Peppy's company, because Peppy, whatever his faults, is hardly a drinker.

The next afternoon Peppy showed up in rare form. He singled and stole second the first time up. He doubled his second time up, knocking in the first run of the game. Then he flied out. But the fourth time up may have been his finest moment.

The Yankees were leading, 4-2, and Peppy stroked a nice easy single off lefthander John Hiller, instead of trying to slug a homer. When Peppy tried to steal second, Bill Freehan's throw beat him to the base. But Peppy slid toward center field, then hooked his left hand back and clutched the base. Ty Cobb had never stolen a better base in Detroit, or anywhere. A few seconds later, Peppy scored an insurance run. He played that day like a man who belonged in a suite.

"That was the thing about Peppy," said a Yankee of more modest talents. "You'd see him play like that one day. Then he'd lose his concentration. You'd get mad at him because you'd wish you had some of his talent."

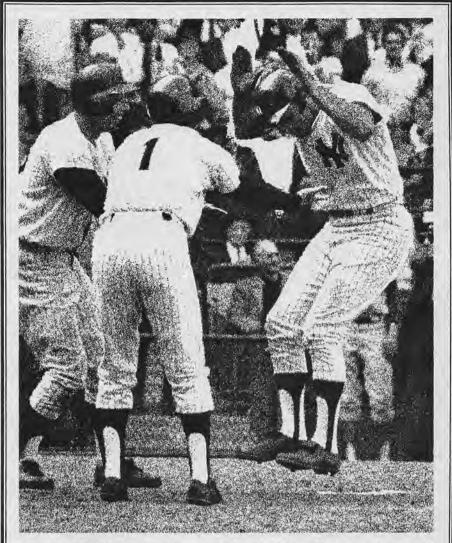
If there was any one point where Peppy's season began going downhill, it was on June 20, in Boston. It started with ugly rain clouds scudding in off the ocean, with the first three Yankees on base, with a grand-slam home run by Pepitone into the right field bleachers, a line drive so hard it brought the rain. The umpires never did get the game going in intermittent showers and nobody was more incensed than Peppy.

"I never had this happen to me in my life," he moaned, "and I don't like

the feeling at all."

The Yankees were still a little crazy on Saturday when they were forced to play a day-night doubleheader, and Joe Pep was grumbling when he dug in for his first swing. The umpire, energetic little Emmett Ashford, tried to set him straight.

"Peppy, you're just mad at me because you lost that grand-slam homer," Ashford said. "Now get in there and hit."



Pepitone hit 27 homers last season, and saluted himself after each one with a two-footed stomp of home plate and a two-handed slap of teammates' palms.

Peppy's mood grew worse and worse. He went hitless in 11 at-bats on Saturday. And he went four more times without a hit on Sunday before the noted meteorologist from Friday night, umpire Hank Soar, ejected him from the game.

"All right, I admit it," Peppy sighed afterward. "I shouldn't have let them do it to me. But they psyched me out. I was so damn mad, I tried to make amends for that homer. I tried to hit everything out."

Peppy clearly needed some consolation. He found it in Detroit, where he signed his name to a bill for \$250 for some groovy new clothes.

"My lawyer's gonna have a hemorrhage when he gets the bill," Peppy said, fingering his new double-breasted Bonnie-and-Clyde pinstriped suit. Peppy's lawyer was handling all his bills, doling out \$50 a week for spending money. But all the disciplines were breaking down now.

Peppy's average continued to slump that week. Then it was a steaming Sunday doubleheader in Cleveland, with the same umpiring crew from Boston. Peppy brooded through the early innings, watching Hawk Harrelson luck out with a two-run homer that plopped a few inches behind the rightfield fence.

Poor Peppy. What made Harrelson so popular around the league and what made people jeer Peppy? Both of them went through money and marriages. Both wore groovy outfits and let their hair grow. But in a wrestling match, Hawk would be the golden hero and Peppy would be the swarthy villain. Life was not fair.

Anyway, (Continued on page 65)

IN THE PIT AT THE SUPER BOWL



The NFL-AFL title game in January figured to be won in the trenches, and it was. The only surprise was the winner—Kansas City. Typical was this assault on Minnesota fullback Bill Brown by end Jerry Mays (No. 75) and linebacker Jim Lynch.





The pit is six yards deep, five wide. Its residents don't score touchdowns—they merely make or break them

The Chiefs' big, talented linemen were equally effective on offense and defense. They kept the Vikings stacked up at the line (above) while Jan Stenerud was putting the Chiefs ahead, 3-0, with a 48yard field goal. And they smothered the Viking attack with relentless pressure. For quarterback Joe Kapp (far right, being brought down by Mays in front and by Willie Lanier from behind) it was a particularly rough afternoon. Lanier, the middle linebacker (63), also picked off one of Kapp's passes. A key to much of Kansas City's defensive success was its 5-2, or triplestack, defense. The plan featured 280-pound tackle Buck Buchanan (86, below right) lining up over the head of 230-pound Viking center Mick Tingelhoff. It took away one of the strengths that has made Tingelhoff an All-Prohis ability to fire out at the opposing middle linebacker.





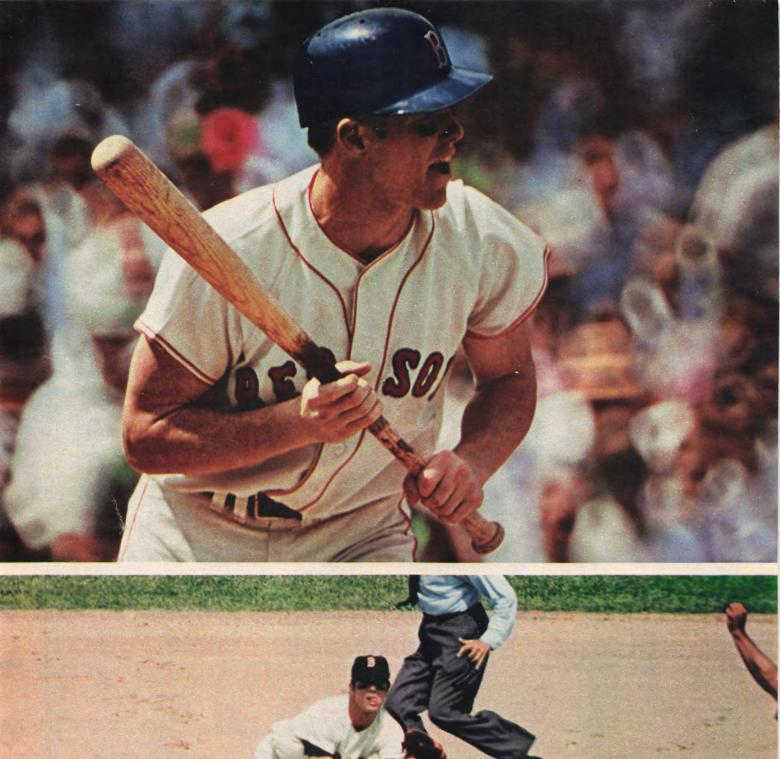




At New Orleans, KC prevailed in the pit. The final proof: Coach Hank Stram, hoisted in triumph (below)



The battle in the pit between two tough veterans, Tingelhoff and Buchanan, was representative of the many miniature wars that were waged during the 23-7 game. Tingelhoff used a variety of tactics to overcome his weight disadvantage—one time submarining and knocking Buchanan's legs out from under, the next time coming high and driving helmet into opponent's chest. Buchanan responded by mixing up his charges—sometimes rushing "with abandon," other times delaying a half-second. Said Tingelhoff later: "They were a better team than we were today, but I couldn't really tell you what happened to us. You know, where I play, it's the worst place in the house to see what's going on."





ANDREWS' ABSENCE MAKES THE SOX GROW FONDER

By AL HIRSHBERG

THEY NEVER KNEW THE VALUE OF THEIR SECOND-BASEMAN—UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF THE LINEUP

THE BOSTON RED SOX were in Anaheim, California, early in the 1967 season, for a series with the Angels. Rookie second-baseman Mike Andrews, leading off the top of the ninth for the trailing Red Sox, drew a base on balls. As he dropped his bat, he thought, "At least I got on." It was indeed a time for small favors, because he had gone hitless in his first three at-bats.

Mike had hardly started toward first base when his thoughts were interrupted by a roar from one section of the grandstand. Over 100 fans were standing up, clapping, yelling, and flashing signs that read: "Mike you're our boy!", "We love you, Mike!", and "Great going, Mike!" The boys from Callahan's Bar of Hermosa Beach—a bar owned at the time by Mike's now-deceased father—were out in force and cheering their favorite son.

"I loved every one of those guys," Mike said later, "but I was never so embarrassed in my life."

As Mike expected, his teammates didn't let him forget the standing ovation he had received for a base on balls. They razzed him about it at every opportunity, until he was finally able to quiet them down with his first major-league home run on the Red Sox' next trip to Anaheim. A home run, of course, which was cheered lustily by the boys from Callahan's Bar.

As that 1967 season progressed, the incredible Red Sox, a 100-1 shot, appeared more and more a pennant threat. And the 24-year-old Andrews was impressing not only his own private claque from Callahan's but also people like White Sox manager Eddie Stanky, a former second-baseman himself. "People keep talking about (Carl) Yastrzemski and forget what Andrews is doing for the Red Sox. If they win the pennant, he's the guy who'll do it. Without him they'd be dead, Yaz or no Yaz."

Ken Harrelson joined the club in midseason and he too was amazed by Andrews after watching him play a couple of weeks. "He's our leader," said the Hawk. "He sparks the team. We know how much he means to us and the things he does to win. He's the most underrated player in the league." The only trouble with all this praise was that not everyone seemed to join in. Andrews got into 142 games that season, and batted a creditable .263, but was suddenly platooned at the most critical moments. During the heat of the pennant race, manager Dick Williams paired Andrews with Jerry Adair, even though both batted righthanded. Williams had Andrews hitting against southpaws, Adair against righthanders.

Williams continued the switching into the World Series, with Adair starting the first four games; Andrews' only action was two trips to the plate as a pinch-hitter, before being allowed to start the last three games. He wound up hitting .308 in the Series against the Cardinals. Although Andrews is not a grudge-bearer, he still considers the benching a strange thing to happen to someone who had played regularly most of the season.

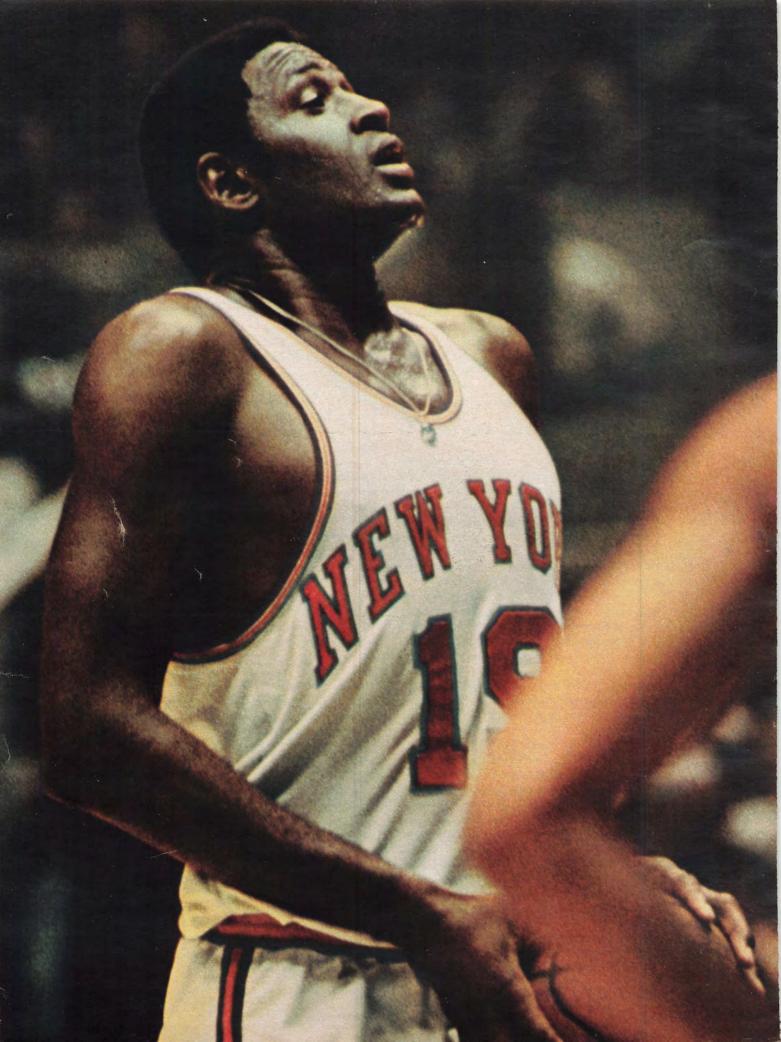
The next season Andrews led the league in hitting on Labor Day, and then, in his own words, "got careless," and dropped to .271. Still, he had raised his average eight points over '67 and once again outsiders expressed their appreciation for the quiet and underrated young ballplayer. The Bosox Club, a fan organization, named him the Red Sox' Man of the Year for '68.

For some strange reason, it wasn't until last season that Andrews finally got the recognition from his own ballclub as its "indispensable man." And then he got it only because he was injured for 38 days. As one observer said, Mike is "too good to be noticed except when he isn't there."

The injury occurred against the Minnesota Twins on May 30. Andrews was leading off in the first inning against Dave Boswell when he was hit on the hand by a pitch. At first Andrews was expected to be out only a few days, but the hand just wouldn't heal. Mike tried everything: Cold packs, hot packs, injections, rest, activity, even needles in the neck to stimulate circulation. "I felt like a bull that picadors were getting ready for slaughter," Mike said.

At one point Mike (Continued on page 64)

Mike has hit .263, .271 and .293 in his three seasons with Boston and is a constantly improving fielder, too.



THE **SPORT** SPECIAL

WILLIS REED AND THE ICING ON THE CAKE

By ARNOLD HANO

The Knick captain has worked hard for his recognition as one of the game's great players. Now he's working just as hard toward that NBA championship

ON JANUARY 6, AGAINST Baltimore, Willis Reed felt sluggish and could not get started in the game's first two quarters. Then, in the second half, the Knicks holding a shaky lead, the referee called a foul on Reed, and then another, and then a technical, because Willis Reed did not like the first call and had become heated over the second, especially when the official barked, "Shut up!" Willis Reed is a very large man, but his dignity is even larger than his physical size. He had been insulted. So he barked back and got the technical.

Reed's stomach churned and hurt. He had been taking Maalox to soothe it, and a week later he would have the stomach barium-X-rayed to see if he had ulcers. (He didn't.) Right now, though, he was exploding and taking it all out on the game in front of him. He drove on the basket, defended like a skilled octopus, cleared the boards, blocked shots, batted down passes, fed his teammates. He had himself a night—that second half—and the Knicks won another one from their favorite patsies, the Bullets.

Then he and the Knicks jetted out to the other coast, gaining three hours on the clock, but not fooling Willis Reed's body a single minute's worth. Along about the third quarter of the next night's game, against the Warriors, his body went to sleep. Fatigue slugged him, slugged the whole Knick team, and they blew a 15-point lead. They fell three points behind before pulling it out in the last minutes. Dick Barnett and Dave DeBusschere each popped in a pair of baskets, and New York won by five. Reed sat out 11 minutes from part-way through the third quarter to well into the fourth quarter. His replacement, Nate Bowman, played a sound defensive game. But near the end, when the Knicks had regained the lead, coach Red Holzman sent Reed back in. After the game a reporter wanted to know why.

Holzman laughed quietly. "Well, we still think quite a lot of Willis." And he laughed some more.

Now it was the next day. Two games in two nights, and no game this night, in San Francisco, the rain a gentle drizzle, the sky grey. Holzman had scheduled practice for 1:30, but he is not a sadist. The practice would be optional. Holzman meant it. You could sleep

all day, or play cards, or do some girl-watching in the lobby of the Jack Tar Hotel. Bill Bradley wouldn't make the practice. Nor would DeBusschere. Barnett would go, but he wanted to know when it was exactly 2 p.m., because he had better things to do. Walt Frazier would go; Frazier sometimes plays a game as if his mind is somewhere else, and last night had been such a night. Frazier would practice to get his mind back on basket-ball.

The bodies were collected, Willis Reed's among them, to motor off to the Civic Auditorium gym. When Holzman found out Reed would attend the practice, the coach frowned: "Doesn't Reed know it's optional?" Yes, Willis knew it was optional. A New York reporter said he would wire his paper: "REED PLAYS OUT HIS OPTION," just to see them all drop dead of heart attacks back in the big city, before the wire explained what was really meant.

So Reed was there. Tired. Stomach hurting. Big toe just healed from an earlier injury. Pinky of left hand taped, dislocated, puffy fat. His whole body a raw ache, from the poundings beneath the boards. On a play the night before, he'd saved a ball from rolling out of bounds by racing across court, slapping the ball to a teammate, and then sailing his 245 pounds into the second row of seats. People got out of his way and Reed crashed into wood chairs and ended up on the floor, landing on his butt and left hand. The ball he'd saved had resulted in a Knick basket, which is balm for the spirit, but it doesn't do much to take away the next day's bruises. Or maybe it does. For there he was, uncomplaining.

Willis Reed said there were two reasons he was attending the practice. He was going as a player and as the team captain. "I had a bad shooting night last night. Two out of 14, when I should shoot around 50 percent. If there is a practice and I don't go, as the captain, why should the others go?" It has been said that Captain Willis Reed leads by example. Here was an example.

But all the reasons were rationalizations, because there is a simpler reason for Willis Reed to attend a basketball practice in an unheated gym, with no hot water for the showers, after two nights of basketball and two nights in strange hotel rooms, sandwiched around a 3000-mile flight across the country.

Attending that practice confirms Willis Reed; it de-

fines what he is.

"Basketball excites me," he would say to a visitor later that day. "Basketball is all that I am. I am so intent about basketball, I have to do well and produce. In a few years I will reach the end of my career, and I

hope I'll be able to say I did all I could do."

That is what he said that afternoon. It is not unique, for Willis Reed. He told writer Warren Pack, five years ago, "Basketball is my life. I can't get away from it." He says it many ways. He told writer Murray Janoff, in 1967, "Every game is a new challenge, and there is always something new to learn." What Willis Reed learns is not simply how to play basketball better than he now plays it, which is about as well as a big man can play. What he learns more about is Willis Reed. "The ego is involved," he says. "The game is a challenge and an experience. When a man accepts a challenge and sets out to prove himself, he can get an evaluation of himself."

So through it all, one shining fact evolves. Basketball and Willis Reed are so entwined, the two are one. Bas-

ketball is all I am.

You can prove it, over and over. After practice that afternoon, the Knicks still had a free night before them, in marvelous San Francisco. And what would Willis Reed

do, the visitor wanted to know?

"I think I'll watch the Warriors play San Diego," he said. "I haven't seen Elvin Hayes, except when I've played against him. And I like to watch Nate Thurmond." So Willis Reed would huddle before a television set, and watch the Warriors play the Rockets, down in San Diego. Whooppee!

Villis Reed has many outside business involvements these days, as do most successful athletes. He runs a summer basketball camp; he owns a restaurant; he endorses sporting goods; he is buying into a clothing store down in Grambling, Louisiana; he invests in stocks and property. He enjoys all these businesses because, he says, he likes to be his own man. "I've played enough for bosses," he says. "I like to work for myself." So he is his own boss, in a half-dozen ventures, but it is the summer basketball camp in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson that he identifies with. Other athletes run instructional camps; they emblazon their names on the premises, show up on occasions, and slip off to enjoy themselves elsewhere. Reed is at the camp the whole three weeks, sleeping in the dorm with the kids, running every instructional session, attending every practice game. Basketball is all he is. Once he had a wife and two kids. Now he has two kids and an ex-wife, down in Louisiana. It's always been like that. Back in the tenth grade, when Willis Reed was the biggest kid in the high school and a basketball player, the girls began to flock about him. "It was no problem. When you're a star athlete, there are always girls. But I just did not have a big interest in them." Basketball, then, was beginning to be all that he later would be.

And, just as he evaluates himself by an intentness to the game, so does he evaluate others. If a man does

not give himself totally to the sport he is in, and does not develop himself to the absolute limit of his potential, Reed feels the man has deceived himself. A Puritan streak runs through Willis Reed, a mixture of sacrifice, the eschewing of enjoyment for enjoyment's sake, a willingness to endure pain. The word he uses when a man violates these precepts is a moral word, sin-tinged. Shame. "It's a shame," he says, and the emphasis is his, "if you don't gain the most of your potential. It's a shame if a man doesn't hustle. That hurts. It hurts when you see a guy who does not do what he can do."

The dedication to basketball is so total it hurts Reed when he discovers other people are not equally de-

voted.

With such dedication, it is easy to fasten on a goal. Willis Reed has a goal. Not simply to play the game but to play it well, play it superbly. That is his goal. Put another way, his goal is to win. He detests losing. He told Warren Pack, back when he was a rookie in the league and the Knicks lost more than they won, "I'll never become accustomed to losing. I always feel as though I have failed my coach, my team and the customers, when we lose."

Today, now that the Knicks win far more than they lose, the goal and the words have changed but little. Now Reed wants not just to win, but to win it all. He told Phil Pepe, "You always want to play on that winning team. The championship. That's what I want. That's what we all want. Until we get it, we haven't done a

thing."

Winning obsesses him. "The big thing on my mind," he said, in the Jack Tar hotel, as the winter rain dripped down the windowpanes, "is winning the champion-

ship."

The possibility of a Knick title is no longer remote. The Knicks appear to have put it all together, or nearly all, tracing it back to midseason of last year, when they traded away center Walt Bellamy and got forward Dave DeBusschere. It meant Reed could return from his slightly uncomfortable spot as cornerman to his accustomed place at center. Not that Reed wouldn't or couldn't play forward. He played it well enough that he made the All-Star game all three years he was at that position. But he just happens to be better at center, where he's also been an All-Star three years (including the MVP in the 1970 game).

Looking back at last winter's trade, Reed says, "It put me back in the hole. It showed the management had confidence in me." And, of course, with Reed the big thing is the challenge, the opportunity to prove himself. He is like another Puritan, that character in Arthur Miller's play, The Crucible, whom the Salem judges tortured by placing stones of great weight on his chest, crushing the man unless he would admit he'd been seduced by a witch. Finally they looked down and said, "Will you recant?" and the man looked back up and

panted, "More weight!"

Reed loves it when they put the weight on him. "It made my responsibility to the team greater," he says. "The saying is, 'As the big man goes, so goes the team.' If you go well, the team goes well. If the big man goes bad, the team goes bad."

Reed has gone well, and the team has gone beautifully well. No team in NBA history went better than the



Knicks early this season, who won 20 of their first 21 contests.

Reed is the big man, all right, but not all that tall by NBA standards. He is listed at 6-10 on the Knick roster, and is considered 6-10 through the league. But he isn't 6-10. He will argue briefly if you push him about his height, and then he will concede, "I am 6-9½". But he isn't that tall either, and he will finally admit he is 6-9. And he will tell you the reason he fibs by an inch. (I think he fibs by two inches.) "In college, I was asked how tall I was, and I said, '6-9,' and the coach called me over and said, 'Never say you're 6-9. Always say you're 6-10. In the pros, they pay a 6-10 man far more than they pay a 6-9 man.' So now I'm 6-10."

Even though he's 6-8.

The physique, however, makes up for the missing inch(es). He weighs 245 (the same roster lists him at an effete 235, which is clearly to lull you into thinking he can be moved about by rival monsters who come to town; he can be moved, in a van). He stands beautifully erect, a man of great physical bearing, a man who grins often off the court, but who on court is darkly brooding. With his thick chest, the erect build, and burning mien, he must seem to opponents even bigger than he is.

He knows the name of the Knick game is not scoring. It is keeping the other team from scoring. "For us to win," he says, "I must blend into the defense."

Dick Barnett on Reed: "For his size, he has great agility and a beautiful outside touch . . . But the biggest thing is he puts out every night."

Some blender. Blend, crack, puree, crush, whip, pulverize. He plays his man very close, muscling him, pushing, hooking an arm inside his foe's arm, blocking his man off the boards. He probably plays as close a defense as any big man in the league. He is always touching his man, feeling to find out where he is, establishing his strength as quickly as he can in the time-honored test of pitting muscle against muscle. When he plants his body in a defensive stance, it is not likely you will budge him. Men bounce off Willis Reed, forced to change directions. It is the purpose of it all. Nineteen times in the team's first 45 games, the Knicks held their

rivals to fewer than 100 points.

Explains Reed: "We go out and outplay the offense. The offense works basic patterns. Do we go along passively? No. We make them do something else, or we make them work harder to do what they set out to do." So men are forced to move away from the middle and Willis Reed. But Willis does not merely stand guard. He is wonderfully agile, a darting body beneath the boards, leaving his man for an instant to force a driving man to veer off, flitting back to pick up his man before the feed pass arrives. His hands are moving, up high, blocking shots, screening the basket from the offensive team. He further explains: "You keep your man from going to the middle. When one of your own men is out of position, you pick up the loose man. As good as offensive-team players are these days, you can't sit back and figure your own offensive players will outscore the other fellows. You have to go out and limit the other team's offense."

Mind you, we are talking within the law. Reed plays a muscular game, yes, very hard, very close. But what you see when Willis Reed plays defense is vast skill serving as a cover for the game's basic savagery. The name of the game.

Another name of the game is teamwork. Blending in, as Willis Reed puts it. You cannot do it all alone. When you ask Reed to explain the Knick success story, he begins with last season's trade, and follows with the "general maturity of the players, and their talent." He likes his teammates. "It is a great group of fellows, easy to get along with. Everybody does his job, no prima donnas. We have no superstar philosophy. Nobody gets special favors, special concessions, while somebody else is being neglected. Every player on our team does a job every night."

Reed assesses the starting lineup like this:

"Frazier: Walt is the quarterback. He sets up the plays. He is a good ballhandler.

"Barnett: Basically our old man of the sea. The elder statesman. Very likeable. He brings a lot of knowledge to the game. A good shooter.

"Bradley: He has come a long way. He had to mature fast, and he did. He had to improve the most, and he did. He is probably our best shooter. If we need a basket, we often set up a special play to get him the ball.

"DeBusschere: Dave does the dirty work. He is a remarkable man. He goes to the boards. He is hardnosed.

He plays against the other team's best forward. He gives

101 percent effort all the time."

Reed thinks the whole organization is remarkable. He says of the coach, Red Holzman: "Red is very likeable. This is important for a player. You will go further, you will take more cursing out from a coach you like. He is a sound coach. He makes us think defense." Reed says Eddie Donovan is the best general manager in the league—"fair, honest, concerned. He does nothing for me he wouldn't do for (reserve guard) Mike Riordan or for a rookie."

Nor is it a case of Reed handing out only bouquets. He also says of Walt Frazier, "Sometimes I have to pick him up with chatter when we're warming up before the game. It's necessary that Walt feel right. Some nights he is not as alert as on other nights; he is not passing the ball; he is missing the open man. So I talk to him."

So that is how Reed sees his teammates, his coach, his

general manager. How do they see him?

Dick Barnett says of Reed: "He comes to play every night. He is in a class by himself as a hard worker. For his size, he has great agility and a beautiful outside touch. It is the combination of these things that make him a great player, but the biggest thing is he puts out every night."

Bill Bradley is not much for cliches. When you pass on Barnett's quote—"he puts out every night"—Bradley's face gets tough and he says coldly, "We all put out every night." Or when it is suggested, as Frazier says, that Reed uses his muscle and desire underneath to make up for his lack of height, Bradley shakes his head. He thinks it is an essential part of Reed, an innate quality within the man. Bradley is more interested in the inner Reed. "He is a really fine person. He has great dignity."

Reed helps the young players, and the young players appreciate it. Reed makes it a habit to room with a rookie each year. Last season it was pale, blond Bill Hosket, out of Ohio State. Hosket calls Reed "Willie,"

not "Willis," a subtle sign of their closeness.

So that is the love affair between Willis Reed and his fellow Knicks. But you needn't love Reed to appreciate him. The players in the NBA voted him the second most valuable player in the league last season, behind Baltimore rookie Wes Unseld; the reason they voted Unseld No. 1 is that the Bullets came from last place to first place, with Unseld. Good enough. This year, if the Knicks hold up, Reed should be the obvious choice.

He'll have the credentials, just as he's always had them in the pros. He is in the top 20 in scoring every season, and in the top ten in rebounding. Through this season's first 45 games he was averaging 14 rebounds and 23 points. In his rookie year he set a Knick season rebounding record, breaking Harry Gallatin's old mark, and by next year he should pass Carl Braun's all-time Knick scoring total of 10,449. There are some who insist no big man in the game shoots as well from the outside; last year he shot 52.1 percent. In the clutch, he gets better. Reed's field-goal percentage in playoff competition is the highest in NBA history—52.4 to Wilt Chamberlain's 52.0. In addition to the offense he is also, of course, the team's defensive hub.

Red Holzman points to Reed's intelligence as his greatest attribute; general manager Eddie Donovan thinks hustle is the characteristic that marks the man. Put them together—brains and sweat—and you get a nice blend. Dick McGuire, coaching the Knicks back in 1966, called Reed "the most consistent player we have. Willis has a tremendous attitude. He always wants to win so badly."

Willis Reed is finally closing in on his goal. Winning a championship. And none too soon. He is 27 years old now, entering his physical prime, six good seasons behind him. He has lived through five broken noses, the removal of bone spurs from his instep, a badly torn ankle, plus the usual bruises basketball hands out free of charge. He has withstood those ills and has come a long, long way, and he probably will keep on coming. With the exception of Lew Alcindor, a growing nemesis in the life of Reed, no big man in the game today is likely to improve so much in the next few years. Reed is philosophic about the future. He will say, "Right now, someplace in this country, maybe in high school, maybe in college, there's a boy who is coming up who is going to be bigger than me and better than me and he is going to take my job away from me. I know it. It makes sense. So I know I'll have to call it quits someday." But he also knows it is not likely to happen for many years.

The distance Reed has come, physically and metaphysically, is vast. Willis Reed Jr. was born on June 25, 1942, the only child to Willis and Inell Reed, in the town of Hico, Louisiana, a community so tiny my atlas does not recognize it. When the family moved up to Bernice, a town of 1100 a few miles below the Arkansas border, Reed pointed out the difference. "Bernice," he told Phil Pepe, "is two red lights long. Hico has no red

lights, Just a couple of stop signs."

Reed's father was a warehouse company foreman. The boy worked early—hauling hay, picking cotton, picking watermelons, mowing lawns. But what he mainly

did when he was very young was fight.

"When I was a kid, if anything would happen at all, I would fight it out," he says. "I got to enjoy fighting. I had a fight the first day of school. From the first grade through the third grade, I was fighting all the time. The trouble was, after a while, my father would whip me if I had a fight. So getting into a fight and winning didn't do me any good. Finally it sank in. I figured it was better not to fight at all."

Still, a fight in his junior year of high school very nearly got him expelled. "That did it," says Reed today. Expulsion would have been a blot. He was a good student. He had college recruiters panting over his size and aptitude. He straightened out. But an angry core has remained; later, in the pros, it would burst out in

one memorable evening.

Sports, not fighting, was the major part of his youth. By the ninth grade he was the tallest boy in high school. He played basketball, but he was awkward, lacking coordination, unable to handle a ball well. His one claim

to fame then was dunking.

"Dunking," recalls Reed, "was considered phenomenal then. One day a couple of guys were practicing on an outdoor court, trying to dunk, when I came along. They couldn't do it. They asked me to show them how. First I said, 'No, no.' But they kept after me. Finally I said, 'Okay.' I dunked the ball. Just then the high school coach walked over. He stood there, staring at me, dis-

gusted. 'Look at him,' the coach said. 'There he is, the big clumsy kid, dunking, when he can't even catch a ball.' He bawled me out, right in the open. He called me a showoff. He was right."

The incident fired up Reed. He began to jump rope to improve his coordination. He practiced shooting for hours, aiming at a basket in the family backyard when he wasn't on a regulation court. He worked. Soon he was an all-state basketball player.

He also became all-state end on the football team. A two-sport standout with better-than-average grades, he attracted scholarship offers from as far off as the University of Nebraska and Loyola of Chicago, besides from local powerhouses, Southern U. and Grambling. He chose Grambling, where he played basketball only. He played in the Pan American Games in his sophomore year, traveling through South America. He met and married Geraldine Oliver, on campus at Grambling, and in 1964 the Knicks drafted him in the second round. Reed's pride was wounded, his anger piqued. He'd expected to be some team's first draft choice. "I didn't believe there were eight better players in the country than me."

He set out to prove it. His first day in the Knicks' camp he asked for a copy of the rule book. He wanted to read it. Today when an official warns the Knicks about using a zone defense, Reed will sidle over to the official and say quietly, "The rules say you don't have to be covering your man; you just have to be covering a man. Stallworth was within six feet of a Warrior."

Reed's first season, the rules digested, he beat out Luke Jackson as rookie of the year, which gave him satisfaction because Jackson had been a first-round choice. Reed also beat out teammate Jim (Bad News) Barnes, who'd been the Knicks' first choice.

So his career started, a big, burly young man playing a very tough center on a losing club and rising above the team's dismal record. His freshman season he was seventh in the league in scoring and fifth in rebounds. He also fouled out of 14 games.

His second season, he suffered the most serious physical disability of his career. Less serious ills, such as broken noses, have become part of Reed's life. The most recent of his five breaks, last season, came about when Reed's nose ran into Bob Rule. That's how the official saw it. Reed was charged with an offensive foul. But no matter. A nose is a nose is a nose. You sniff back the blood and keep playing. More seriously, in Reed's second year an instep began to bother him. Soon the pain became unbearable. If the team played a game one night and then didn't play for three or four nights, Reed could get by. But if the games came piggy-back style—as they so often do in the NBA-Reed would have to sit out one or two, or else play just a few minutes. He got into 76 of the 82 games that season, but he played 500 fewer minutes than he had as a rookie. When the season ended, surgeons removed what they thought was the culprit, a bone spur on the instep, which they knew all along was there. Presto! A second spur popped out from under the first, embedded in the nerves of his foot. How he'd played 76 games and 2537 minutes remains a minor medical miracle. But that is Willis Reed.

That same season, Walt Bellamy came over from Baltimore and Reed moved to the corner. "I felt leery

at first," Reed says today. He was also challenged, and he made good. But he never became comfortable as a cornerman, and Dick McGuire, when he took over from Harry Gallatin, toyed for a while with the notion of trading Reed.

By the following season, however, McGuire was glad he hadn't. Reed was over his initial awkwardness at the new spot and felt physically frisky again. He felt so frisky, in fact, that on opening night at home in 1966 he flattened the whole Los Angeles Laker team. It was triggered by the matching between Reed and the Lakers' tough Rudy LaRusso. They had been exchanging funny bones all evening, when LaRusso must have thought the last one was no joke, because suddenly he took a swipe at Reed. Another Laker tried to hold back Willis and grabbed his arms, and LaRusso couldn't stop from unloading a second punch before realizing Reed was defenseless. Reed, naturally, objected. Strenuously. He flung off the arms that pinned him, belted LaRusso a couple on the chops, and turned around and went looking for more Lakers. He found them-on the Laker bench. As men got up to challenge Reed, he knocked them down. Darrall Imhoff, 6-10 himself, came up and Reed flattened big Darrall. Rookie John Block, a mere 6-9, got his nose in the way of Reed's fist, and for at least once in his life Reed knew how it felt to break a nose that wasn't his own.

Finally, with no one left to beat up, Reed cooled off. He and LaRusso were kicked out of the game. Since then Willis has behaved reasonably well. This season, in a game against Cincinnati, a similar incident occurred. The Royals' Johnny Green slipped by his man and drove on the basket. As Reed hurried forward to attempt to block the shot, young Luther Rackley seized Reed from behind. Reed turned around and broke another nose.

Still, these are isolated events in the 450-game career of Willis Reed, a handful of explosive seconds in the 17,000 minutes he has played in the pros. Reed plays tough, and through his first five years he has fouled out 55 times. But he isn't a dirty player and he is handling his anger better than he used to. He fouled out seven times last year and only once through the first half of this season.

There are reasons for cooling off. "Becoming captain has helped me handle my anger," he says. "Once you get to be captain, you become a key man. People look at you. You can't expect players to react other than the way I react. Before I was made captain, I got more technical fouls. Now I feel I must set an example, show that I have maturity."

Besides, he is too valuable to be permitted to foul out early. "In the old days," he says, "the rule was—keep playing." Eddie Donovan used to tell Reed, "You can't change your game because of fouls. Go out there and play the way you should and let the fouls take care of themselves."

Today Red Holzman lifts Reed if he starts to collect too many fouls too early. Holzman inserts Bowman and Reed cools it on the bench; then, when it counts, the big man goes in and resumes his tight game.

Experience helps. "Now if I see a play in the second quarter where I might stop a basket by committing a foul, I probably will decide to give up the basket and not foul. We can get that basket back later. But in the

third or fourth quarter, if I have to, I'll foul to save a basket."

Reed has matured, and now yields little to any big man around. With one ever-growing exception. Lew Alcindor is threatening to take Willis Reed apart. The first time the two men met, Reed's muscle and experience wore down the young Milwaukee giant. Reed outscored Alcindor, 35 to 17, and the Knicks beat the Bucks by 16 points.

Since then it's been murder, and Reed has been the victim. Head to head, Alcindor has outscored Reed, 25-16, 26-7, 36-11, and 41-16. That's a 60-point bulge Alcindor has given the Bucks in their first five contests against the Knicks. Alcindor uses his height to go over Reed; he has moves that appear at least as quick as Reed's. Reed has attempted to muscle the lean youngster, but all it does is get him in foul trouble. Reed has begun to fret. He told writer Phil Elderkin, "Lew is smart and he's tough. I lost one headache when Bill Russell retired, and now I've got another. At this point I'd rather keep Russell. Bill may have been quick as a cat, but at least I didn't have to look up to him. I'd like to measure Alcindor. In sneakers, I'll bet he goes 7-3."

To which Alcindor has said merrily, "I think Willis

is jealous of my tall."

Surely envious. It's natural. Reed, at 6-9, is giving away at least five inches to Alcindor. It is as if you pitted

Willis Reed at center against Earl Monroe.

Still, Reed does not totally despair. He is not sure Alcindor is all that good, yet. "He does not have the moves of Nate Thurmond," Reed says. And Reed was able to play Thurmond even. Reed also knows that while Alcindor may have outscored him four times in five games, the Knicks beat the Bucks four times in five games, and they pay off in wins. The real question is: How much longer can the Knicks keep beating the Bucks? This is one more challenge to Reed, one which he says, with that quick and engaging grin, "I'd just as soon it never occurred."

Perhaps Reed will find he can tire Alcindor in the late stages of a game and of a season. Perhaps, with Nate Bowman in reserve, Reed can risk applying more pressure on the newest tallest kid on the block. Do not count Reed out. He likes it when they put on more

weight.

Meanwhile, life grinds on. When Reed is not playing basketball, he has other business interests to supplement a \$50,000-plus yearly salary that will surely rise mightily before next season begins. As a black athlete, Reed has not gathered much of the endorsement money that is around, but he has begun to get some of it. Recently the Knicks made a Vitalis commercial that may be shown around for a long time. The Knick starting team is introduced, and in his first appearance as a starter, young Don May comes out. Naturally all the Knicks shake hands with each other as they reach center floor. After Reed shakes hands with young May, he stares down at his own hand, and then at May's shiny hair. May's hand, naturally, is gooey. Reed turns his commanding presence, his regal dignity, his glowering dark countenance on the näive youngster who would dare put greasy kid's stuff on his hands and hair and thereby corrupt an entire team. Captain Reed points the abashed boy back to the bench.

But the important moments of Reed's life do not involve spoofing over hair dressing. They occur on the floor these nights, and they bring him up against that elusive goal: Winning a title. When the current season was a quarter gone, people were handing the Knicks the flag, handing Reed the Podoloff Cup as the league's MVP, and figuring the rest of the way would be a long yawn. But teams do not keep up 20-and-1 starts. Other teams jell. A guy like Jerry West decides he can carry a whole club. Or a kid like Alcindor begins to learn his way around the league and an expansion team like the Bucks catches the fever. Around midseason the Bucks caught and passed Baltimore to take over second place in the East, and even though the Knicks kept winning two out of every three, Milwaukee was doing better than that, closing the gap. It began to look like the National League Eastern Division race all over againthis time the Knicks were the Cubs, and the Bucks were the Mets, and the unlikely club was beginning to run up the back of the favorite.

Pressure builds. Tensions mount. Stomachs ache. Reed spoons down Maalox and then checks into a hospital to track down the source of his discomfort. Nothing is easy. It has begun to dig into Reed. He tells you so.

"The big thing on my mind is winning a champion-ship," he says. Winning obsesses him. He muses aloud, wondering whether it doesn't obsess everyone. "Take guys like Jerry West and Elgin Baylor. What else do West and Baylor need? They have everything. They've done everything. They have been the best. But they have never won a championship. I often wonder how they will feel years from now, if they have never won a championship. They have everything, but they don't have the icing on the cake."

His mind wrestles with relative values. "Sometimes I wonder which is more important—to have a great career without a championship, or a not-so-great career but to be able to say, later on, 'I was on a championship team.'"

He uses former teammate Emmette Bryant as an example of the latter. "Emmette played with us, and then the management let him go in the expansion draft. He was picked up by Phoenix, but Phoenix couldn't or wouldn't pay him the salary he wanted, so he was traded to Boston, and the next thing you know, drifting along

like that, he's on a championship team."

Reed is concerned by the thought, for himself. He knows playoffs are tricky affairs. Last year a fourth-place club won it all. It can happen again. Lesser teams beat better teams. Or, lesser teams in the playoffs become better teams. The whole problem seemed to weigh on Reed, so the visitor in the San Francisco hotel room this grey afternoon offered the thought: "Emmette Bryant has the icing, but he doesn't have the cake. Jerry West and Elgin Baylor, they have the cake. Years from now, you'll find that the cake will mean more—inside—than the icing."

But Willis Reed sat and smiled and shook his head. "The cake and the icing," he said softly.

That is what Willis Reed wants. Everything. It's a challenge. You know how Willis Reed eats up challenges. One cake, with icing, coming up.

THE SPORT SPECIAL

LETTERS TO SPORT (Continued from page 14)

... O.J. Simpson couldn't carry Roman Gabriel's shoulder pads.

Vanderbilt, Pa. Richard Mazza

. . . O.J. Simpson is worth two Roman Gabriels.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Tom Coffey

OH PANCHO

James Toback's article on Pancho Gonzalez ("At Rare And Lovely Times, He Is Still Pancho Gonzalez," February) was an interesting and accurate study of the man. Every gesture, act and mannerism he described, depicted Gonzalez to a "T." All the more surprising, therefore, that Toback did not research his tennis more. He would have discovered that senior tennis is by no means confined to men with bulging stomachs, sagging chests, or double chins. On the contrary, it is played at the national level by dedicated, hardened athletes, and is fought out, match by match, with a ferocity equal to the men's singles. It is a tough, hard circuit, and Pancho would find it no pushover, even if he were eligible, which he is not. To play as a senior, one has to be at least 45 years old, and Pancho is but 41.

Hyattsville, Md.

James Deveney

WELCOME BACK, RICO

In your February issue, you had an article on Rico Carty ("How Carty Came Back To Life") by Jim Ellison. I

want to congratulate Mr. Ellison for writing one of the most heart-warming stories I have ever read.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Barry Wellen

The Rico Carty story was the finest I have ever read in Sport. I would just like to say that if everybody felt the way Rico does about the different races, what a wonderful world this would be. He's magnificent!

Chelsea, Mass. Sheldon J. Tobolsky

MAN OF THE YEAR

I was very much disappointed to learn that Gil Hodges was chosen as Sport's 23rd annual Man of the Year.

It is of my opinion that this abysmal decision was reached without considering some of the great athletic contributions of this past year, Judging from Ken Harrelson, Hodges is a hard man to play for and impossible to reason and communicate with.

Jamaica, N.Y. Robert M. Woodyear

Ken Harrelson was not consulted on our decision.

... No one could have been more deserving of your Man of the Year award than Gil Hodges. A fine selection.

New York, N.Y. William Smith

COUSY'S ROYAL SHOW

Bill Furlong's article ("The Struggle To

Remake The Royals," February) is the first fair appraisal of the Royals that I have read. Furlong's point that Cousy is attempting to rebuild a faltering franchise for the future is overlooked by many people. The majority of the fans expect Cousy to produce an instant winner. To these fans I can only say, be patient. In the near future, Cincinnati will be a permanent fixture in the NBA playoffs.

ZILCH

Cincinnati, Ohio

I have been looking over some of your more recent magazines, looking for some new faces and what I found was . . . zilch! All I see is one person—O.J. Simpson. It's getting so an individual could memorize his life story. Just for the record, in your article on the 1974 All-Pros, you noted that Greg Cook will be the '74 All-Pro quarterback. Now, I ask you, "Where is he?" Where are Ted Kwalick, Haven Moses and Dave Williams? Get with it, men. Let's see a more varied selection of people.

Eureka, Cal.

Vernon Scott

Joe Wilmers

AND MORE ZILCH

We have been looking at your magazine for the last year, and we'd like to know one thing: where is Billy Cunningham?

Easton, Pa.

Steve Crane
Johnny Herb

In Philadelphia?

INSIDE FACTS

By Allan Roth

FOUR TIMES IN THE last five seasons, Jerry West has had the best scoring average in the NBA playoffs, missing only in 1967 when he was injured (playing only one minute) . . . In his nine NBA seasons, prior to the current campaign, West has never led the league in scoring average during the regular season . . . But he has been a contender in each of the last six seasons, ranking second in average three times and third three times during this span.

West's lifetime scoring average of 30.8 in the playoffs is the best in NBA history, and is 3.3 points higher than his 27.5 average in regular season play (not including 1969-70 season)... In all but one of his previous eight seasons (discounting 1967) West has had a higher scoring average in the playoffs than in the regular season . . . His playoff field-goal shooting percentage is .486, compared to a .468 mark in regular play . . . West holds the one-year playoff record, with a 40.6 average in 1965.

Oscar Robertson and Elgin Baylor rank second and third on the all-time NBA playoff scoring average list, with 29.7 and 28.6 . . . Robertson has the unique distinction of compiling the identical average in regular season and in playoff competition . . . Baylor, like West, is also a four-time playoff leader (in consecutive years, starting in 1960), and he holds the one-game playoff record with 61 points at Boston in 1962 . . . Baylor and West rank one-two on the playoffs' all-time total points list, with

3287 and 3146... They are followed by Sam Jones (2909), Bill Russell (2673) and Wilt Chamberlain (2602).

In the last ten seasons, the scoring average leader in the playoffs has been a Laker eight times (Baylor and West each four times) and a San Francisco Warrior twice (Wilt Chamberlain in 1964 and Rick Barry in 1967) . . . Not since 1958, when Cliff Hagan led the St. Louis Hawks to the title with a 27.7 average, has the individual average leader played for the winning playoff team.

Among active players who have participated in at least ten playoff games, Johnny Egan of the Lakers has shown the biggest difference in scoring average in playoffs compared to regular season play, with a 5.4 point edge (14.1 in playoffs and 8.7 in regular season) . . . Knick stars Willis Reed and Walt Frazier rank second and third, behind Egan . . . Reed has averaged 24.8 points per playoff game, 5.2 points higher than his seasonal average (19.6) . . . Frazier has a 4.5 margin in playoffs (17.9) over regular play (13.4).

Four of the regular Knick starters have been better scorers in the playoffs than in the regular season, with Dave De-Busschere showing an 18.5 to 16.1 edge, and Bill Bradley a 12.1 to 10.9 margin . . . And Dick Barnett has been consistent, with 16.9 in playoffs, 17.4 during the season . . . Willis Reed's .524 field-goal percentage in the playoffs is the best in NBA history, topping Wilt Chamberlain's .520.

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DAN ISSEL: ADOLPH'S TENDERIZER

With his talent and quiet leadership, Kentucky's All-America center softened even the traditionally grouchy Baron Rupp

By TAD HEFFERNAN

THE ACOUSTICS IN the University of Kentucky's 11,500-seat Memorial Coliseum are so uncommonly good that the Metropolitan Opera has played it with no complaints. Adolph Rupp, the crusty old Kentucky basketball coach, has never cared much for opera or any other outside attractions coming in and scuffing his floor, but he appreciates the building's sound control. It enables him to sit at one end of the court during practice and criticize his players at the other end, a practice he has indulged in with glee for the last 100 years.

On the afternoon before Tennessee's game at Kentucky this season, the Wildcats warmed up under Rupp's searching gaze with 20 minutes of shooting. And the Baron kept cackling: "If you can't pass the ball without opposition, how can you pass it tomorrow? . . . A fraction of a second late . . . A high pass takes *longer* . . . Naw, that won't suit

me at all . . . Gol-dammit, no!"

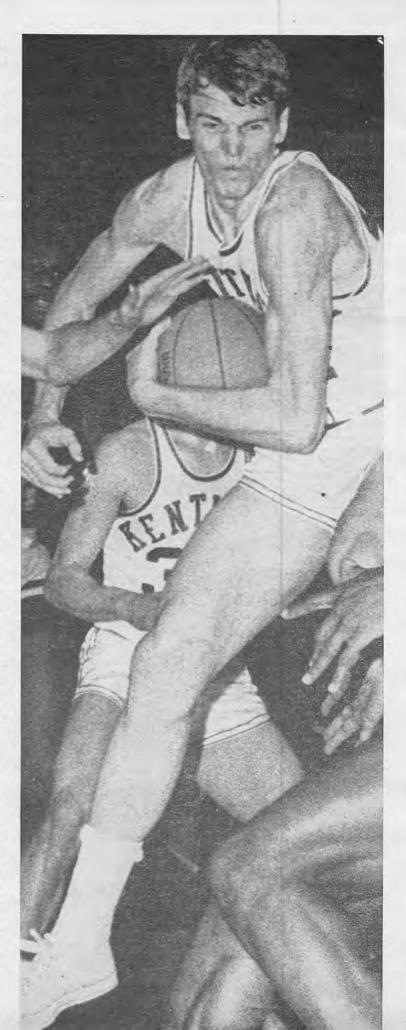
Then suddenly his tone changed. He turned to a tall, rangy blond and asked softly, almost tenderly, "Dan, do you want to sit out now?" The young man, who was suffering from the flu, said he did. Odd behavior, indeed, from the normally insufferable Rupp, but when it comes to Dan Issel (rhymes with "missle") his solicitousness is understandable. The 6-81/2 senior and team captain is among the best all-round centers in the country, and is virtually certain to repeat as All-America. Through the first week in February, Issel was third in the nation in scoring with an average of 32.5 points per game—this at a school not noted for high individual scorers-and he ranked second in rebounding in the Southeastern Conference with 14 per game. He was the player responsible for battling the opposing big man and getting the ball to start Kentucky's renowned fast break, which meant he was the key to Rupp's ambition of winning a fifth NCAA title. The Wildcats were 15-1 and ranked third behind UCLA and South Carolina a month before the playoffs began, so Issel was obviously doing his job.

Additionally, he was providing quiet but inspiring leadership. Says Rupp: "Because of my health, things could have gotten out of hand, but not with a kid like Issel around. He had them running on their own after practice. He's

a pretty valuable animal."

Issel is a handsome 22-year-old with large, luminous eyes set in a face shaped like an inverted triangle. At 242 pounds, he is not slender. His athletic background is odd for an

The Celtics' Red Auerbach on Issel: "He shoots very well, he's quick, he comes down with the ball—what more can you ask?"



All-America. He lived on a farm in Missouri and played no sports until the sixth grade, when his family moved to Batavia, Illinois, near Chicago. There he began to participate in athletics, simply because everyone else was, but he was hardly what you would call a phenom. It wasn't until his freshman year in high school that he became a basketball starter, and even then he got his position when the boy playing in front of him broke his leg. Progress was slow. "As a junior, I was a clumsy sophomore," he says.

But he overcame his clumsiness through extra practice and agility exercises. "Basketball never came easy for me," he admits. "Any talent I may have is the result of long, long hours. I've worked hard at trying to become a good

player."

By the end of his senior year in high school, Big Ten schools began to recruit him vigorously. Issel turned to his father, a self-employed painting contractor who had always taken a big interest in his son's basketball career, and asked for advice. Dan's father pushed Kentucky. He didn't have to push hard. "Kentucky was fine with me," Dan says. "More All-Americas and pros came from there than anywhere else."

A short while later, Issel had reason to doubt the wisdom of his choice. "I'll never forget my first visit to Lexington," he says with a laugh. "I picked up a newspaper and read that Coach Rupp's first choice for his 'Center of the Future' was somebody from Iowa—his name escapes me now—and that his second choice was George Janky (currently at Dayton). I wasn't even mentioned."

Now Kentucky feels like home, a fact that the Kentucky Colonels of the ABA were banking on when they picked Issel as their No. 1 choice in the league's highly publicized "secret" draft. "After you're down here for a while, you can't help but think of yourself as a Kentuckian," Issel says. "Everyone goes out of his way to make you feel at home. I know this will be Louisville's big pitch to me... to keep playing before the same people who cheered me in college. But still I want to see what the NBA club that drafts me is going to offer. I guess I have some obligation to Kentucky, but I have a greater obligation to my own and to my wife's future. If you want to put it this way, 'Money Talks.'"

Issel's regard for his new Kentucky home includes a warm feeling for the far-from-lovable Rupp. Asked how he adjusted to the Baron's ways, Dan replies, "It wasn't that difficult. My high school coach was real strict too, and ran basically the same offense. I learned that you have to take coach Rupp's criticism constructively. You can't think about the words—he wants everything perfect. I certainly respect him. He stresses teamwork, and I'm as surprised as anyone that I've scored so much here. This is far from a one-man team. I'm scoring more because we have a productive offense, over 90 points a game, and our guards are inexperienced and not shooting much. I'm proudest of my field-goal percentage, 56 percent. I don't get many layups."

Issel, who has started every game at Kentucky since he got there, averaged 16.4 points and 12.1 rebounds per game as a sophomore. Last year he averaged a school record 26.6 points and grabbed 13.6 rebounds. Both years Kentucky won the conference championship. Issel and Rupp, understandably, were getting along quite nicely.

Then last June, they nearly had a falling out. Rupp bristled at Issel's decision to get married. It didn't matter that the girl was a cute, long-haired *Kentucky* cheerleader. What mattered to Rupp was that marriage was a distraction from basketball. In the past no Kentucky player had dared defy the Baron's monastic philosophy. But Issel's marriage was the fourth on the current team. "I ought to kick 'em all off the squad," Rupp grumbled.

However, with the Wildcats' subsequent success, Rupp conceded that matrimony might not be the threat he envisioned. "The trainer thinks it has steadied Issel, especially in his studies," Rupp says. "He passed 22 hours last semester majoring in business administration."

Issel isn't sure what he will do with his degree, but leans toward advertising sales or the horse racing industry. He has been observed test-driving harness horses, his outsized legs ludicrously buckled up in the tiny cart. "It's a fascinating business," he says. "You can't live here for four years and not become interested in it."

The game against Tennessee started at 5 p.m. for television. As the teams loosened their muscles, one was struck by the close-clipped appearance of the Wildcats in our age of Aquarius. There was nary a hint of a sideburn, mustache or beard, and they all looked as though their last act before leaving the locker room was to scrub their faces thoroughly.

This was about the closest thing to a crucial game left during the regular season for Kentucky. It did not seem a good time to observe Issel, who was sick and playing an unfamiliar forward position against defense-minded Tennessee's 1-3-1 zone. The Volunteers' offense consisted of giving the ball to Jimmy England, a clever guard, who dribbled it for an hour or so and then popped up a jump shot or tried to work it in to 6-10 Bobby Croft. At half time, Kentucky led by a slender 26-23 margin. Issel seldom had the ball. Looking gruesome without his top teeth (because of a tumor operation two years ago, he can't play with false teeth in his mouth), he still had been impressive the few times his teammates were able to feed him. Maneuvering mainly along the baseline, he was accurate with wristy 20-foot jump shots from the corner and tip-ins under the basket. Twice he moved out to the top of the circle and scored. Another time he hit a hook shot underneath. He rebounded strongly, blocked three shots and stole the ball twice.

The turning point in the game came with 15 minutes remaining. Issel grabbed a rebound, whirled and banked in an eight-foot jump shot and was fouled. His free throw made it 34-27, but, more important, it put Croft on the bench with four fouls. "I didn't know where he was most of the time," the dejected Tennessee center said of Issel after the game.

His chief opposition out of the game, Issel turned it on. Hawking defensive rebounds and twice racing in front to lead the fast break, he got the Wildcats running and they simply ran away from their opponents. Issel had 28 points and 11 rebounds before he left the game early, drained by the flu, Kentucky won, 68-52.

Afterwards, one of basketball's shrewdest authorities, Red Auerbach, talked about Issel. "You figure the kid's going to be a helluva pro cornerman, but then again he's strong enough to play center," said the Celtics' general manager. "He shoots very well, he's quick, he comes down with the ball—what more can you ask?"

The question is rhetorical.















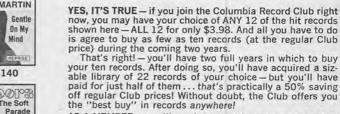






















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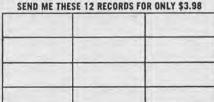
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ANDREWS' ABSENCE MAKES THE SOX GROW FONDER

(Continued from page 51)

finally thought he was ready and Dick Williams put his name on the lineup card. But five minutes after batting practice the hand started swelling again and it was back to the bench. It ultimately took a series of electric shock treatments

to bring the hand around.

In the meantime, the Red Sox had collapsed. They were only three games behind the league-leading Orioles on May 30, but then lost 19 of their next 28 games. Andrews' absence could hardly have caused all of that, but, as one teammate said two weeks after Mike was hurt: "This team needs Mike out there. I can't put my finger on why. All I know is he never quits or lets down, and he makes everyone else play the same way."

When Andrews returned, he was better than ever. He wound up hitting .293, putting him in the top ten among

American League batters.

Perhaps even more vital to the Red Sox is that old intangible, "leadership," which Andrews has in abundance. Yastrzemski is the club's inspirational leader, but because he's out in left field, most of his leading has to be by example. Andrews is the man who moves in to settle a pitcher, gets into the huddle when the manager comes out, and does most of the signalling around the Red Sox infield.

Shortstop Rico Petrocelli was actually designated the infield leader in 1967, but that was a psychological move by Dick Williams to help Rico overcome his shyness. It accomplished its purpose, but Rico was never comfortable in the job and Andrews took it over more or less by mutual agreement. Petrocelli was delighted to get rid of it, especially to Andrews. He and Mike, who work well together, are good friends, live near each other, and often get together during the winter.

Ironically, it was because of Petrocelli that Andrews became a second-baseman in the first place. From the time he turned pro in 1962-with Olean of the New York-Pennsylvania League-Mike was almost exclusively a shortstop. At 6-3, 190 pounds, he had the perfect build. But while Mike was playing short-stop for Toronto in 1965, Petrocelli was having a fine rookie season with Boston. That's when Red Sox farm director Neil Mahoney decided Andrews should switch. He told Mike, explaining that he'd have a hard time beating out Rico and that the Red Sox needed a secondbaseman.

Mike agreed, and went to the Florida Instructional League after the '65 season to learn the new position. But then a strange thing happened: Red Sox manager Billy Herman didn't even take a look at Andrews in spring training. Instead, he used George Smith at second, a fellow who had been traded to the Red Sox during the '65 World Series.

When Mike was sent back to Toronto for the 1966 season, he went to Herman

and demanded to know why.

"We're using Smith at second to make

the trade look good," Herman replied. "Thanks for nothing," Mike fumed, and stormed out.

"It wasn't so much that the guy sent me down without looking at me at second," Mike said later. "What got me mad was his reason. Who the hell should worry more about making a trade look good than giving a promising young prospect a fair chance to stick with the ballclub?"

Instead of sulking, though, Andrews dutifully went to Toronto, worked hard at the new position, impressed people with his ability to turn the double play, and was ready for the Red Sox the next season. He sat out the beginning of '67 with a slight back ailment, and Reggie Smith filled in for him. But when Mike was healthy, in he went and Smith went to center. In the three full seasons Andrews has had in the majors now, Red Sox fans are finally convinced they may have seen an end to the parade of second-basemen that began when the brilliant Bobby Doerr retired in 1951. Baring serious injury, Andrews could last as long as Doerr—15 years—and, by Doerr's own estimate, be just as good.

A great part of Andrews' value to the club is his truly unselfish attitude, which is more unusual than fans realize. All most ballplayers think of is their own records which, when good enough, provide ammunition for salary raises. Andrews is one of the few who really does care more about the ballclub than himself. Time and again, he has given up chances to enhance his own record for

the sake of the team.

When he returned to the lineup after his hand injury last summer, he got two hits in each of the first two games he played, starting himself off on a 12-game batting streak. The Red Sox were playing the Angels in Boston in the 13th game when Andrews, hitless all evening, came up in the ninth inning. The score was 3-3, and Ducky Schofield, the leadoff man, was on first with nobody out. It was a bunt situation and, when Dick Williams gave the sign, Andrews laid down a perfect sacrifice. Schofield went to second and later scored the winning run on a single by Reggie Smith.

Afterwards, a writer remarked to Andrews, "Well, Mike, there goes your

hitting streak.

"Yeah," Mike said, "but I don't think I was any great threat to Joe DiMaggio."

hat same night, when somebody called Williams' attention to the fact that the bunt had killed Andrews' chances to keep his hitting streak going, the Red Sox manager replied, "The only streaks that Mike cares about are winning streaks.'

Mike is indeed a competitor, right down to his squash games with catcher Russ Gibson, his gin and hearts games with wife Marilyn, his pick-up-sticks warfare with six-year-old daughter Shelly. Back at South Torrance High School in California, Mike also competed in the bigger games-baseball, football and basketball. He might have made it big in football, since he went on to be a junior

college All-America split end at El Camino College. But he turned down a scholarship at UCLA to play professional baseball. He got a bonus of about \$12,000, with a promise of \$4000 more if he made it to the Red Sox. He had nothing against football, UCLA or college education in general, but he wanted to get married and couldn't afford it. He and Marilyn were both 19 when they were married, after Mike had spent a season in the minors.

The scout who signed Mike was Joe Stephenson, father of one-time Red Sox pitcher Jerry Stephenson. Joe, an occasional visitor at Callahan's Bar, was a good friend of the proprietor, but never connected him with Mike until he walked in one day and Lloyd (Bim) Andrews said, "I hear you want to sign

my son to a baseball contract."

"Your son?" Stephenson said. "Where

does he go to school?"

"El Camino," Bim said.
"Oh—Mike Andrews," Stephenson said. "Y'know, Bim, the name's the same but it never occurred to me that you might be related."

Been pretty closely related to him

all his life," Bim said.

Bim Andrews was a successful engineer at North American Aviation for years. He gave up the job for a better one in Fort Wayne, Indiana, but one frigid winter there was all he could take. He went home to California and bought Callahan's on a whim.

"I honestly don't think my dad meant to keep it long, and I'm sure he never intended to run it himself," Mike says. "But he liked the life so much and got such a kick out of the characters who were always coming and going that he stayed with it right up until he died

last year."

Now Mike owns Callahan's, but has been seriously thinking of selling it. Either that, he says, or "turn it into a Mexican restaurant and let Marilyn spend the rest of her life cooking tacos.

She makes the best I ever tasted."
This past winter, when Mike wasn't busy eating Marilyn's tacos by the dozen, he was working part-time as a public relations man for the Gibbs Oil Company. And of course there were those squash games with Russ Gibson, his closest friend on the Red Sox. They began rooming together on the road last year. Prior to that, Andrews put the kiss of death on each of his first three Red Sox roommates-Dave Morehead, Gene Oliver and Darrell Brandon. They all left the club either while rooming with him or after a season with him ended. Since the club took six catchers to spring training this year, there are those who think Gibson will be next, but Andrews isn't among them. "Hell, Gibby's the most underrated guy on the club," says Andrews.

It's an appraisal worth considering, because who should know more about being underrated than Andrews? He may be the only guy in the majors who had to sit on the bench to get the recognition he deserved.

PEACE, JOE PEP

(Continued from page 45)

Peppy batted in the eighth inning, three runs behind, two men on base, and he unloaded a long fly to rightfield. But the nonchalant Hawk nestled his feathers against the green canvas padding, stuck up his glove and caught the ball a foot

from being a homer.

It was much too much for Peppy. He writhed in anguish as he reached first base. He fell to one knee and made the grand open-palmed gesture of opera, the classic "ma che va?" (what are you doing to me?). Then, as he quivered toward the dugout, Peppy heard pitcher Luis Tiant teasing him about getting a little more power into his swing. Peppy snarled back at Tiant, but it didn't make him feel any better, nor did it help the Yankees.

After losing the opener, the Yankees continued to growl at the umpires and the fans began booing Peppy more and more. He gave his "V for victory" sign but the silent majority is not too hip on that in Ohio. Even the young fans, who should have dug Peppy, booed him. One teenager climbed onto the dugout roof and challenged Peppy, before police dragged him away. It was a lucky thing for the young man. Peppy was waiting for him with clenched fists.

Then it was Peppy's turn to leave. He felt that pitcher Mike Paul was taking too much time, so he raised his hand to call time out as he stepped out of the box. But Emmett Ashford ignored the signal and called a strike when the pitcher wisely floated the ball over the plate.

"Bullfeathers!" Peppy roared, and Ashford threw him out of the game. Peppy went a little insane. He grabbed the little man's blue shirt and might have throttled him if coaches Elston Howard and Dick Howser had not pulled him away. The fans jeered Peppy as he trudged off the field, his uniform disheveled from wrestling with his own

This whole mad trip cost Peppy 12 points of his batting average, from .249 to .237, and it was the beginning of the end. The bills were piling up; the fun was fading away. The man who had been Sinatra's house guest was now back in Brooklyn with his family. But living at home brought new remorse to Peppy.

"Everybody likes to give his mother something and I can't give my mother anything, except trouble," he said. "I gave her grandchildren and they're gone."

These thoughts were much too serious for Peppy. In August he had some nagging injuries and he told Houk he could not play. But sitting on the bench only gave him more time to brood. Then one night he couldn't sit any more. He moped back into the clubhouse and he dressed and he went home. The Yanks fined him \$500 the next day and Peppy walked out again. This time they suspended him, too.

The end was coming for Joe Pep and the Yankees. The men who had protected him from himself were losing their

"You talk to him," Ralph Houk la-

mented, "and you swear he understands. You tell him he's got too damn much ability to screw it up. He promises to reform but he always forgets. Geez, I like Joey. He could be a helluva ballplayer. But I don't know what the hell

to do for him."
"Joe has been on a treadmill the last four or five years," said Michael Burke, the president of the Yankees, who has seen enough of the jet set to be tolerant of brilliant wastrels. "Everything Joe has made has gone out again. He hasn't been able to live the way he wanted to. He couldn't walk around with money in his pocket. He was looking forward to meal money. He had an image for the public he knew wasn't true.'

Houk and Burke were still compassionate toward Peppy. They cajoled him back for the last month of the season, and he reported, repentant as ever. He also discounted the stories about the

huge debts and the loan sharks.
"I only owe \$4800," he said. "Who doesn't owe that much?

"I'm a sensitive person and I know I hurt the team. But I'll be back tomorrow

night.'

He was back, and he finished with a .242 average and 27 homers and 71 RBIs. It was a creditable season for almost anybody, but not for the next Joe D. And for a man who exasperated the people around him, it wasn't so good at all. Joe Pep was a goner.

It came on December 4 at the winter

meetings. Joe Pep's Brooklyn friends called him up and told him to be insulted, but Peppy knew better.

"I had a beautiful stay with the Yankees," he said. "They put up with a lot of bullfeathers from me. Then they got rid of me. Good riddance. I can understand them feeling that way. I got tired of the Yankees and they got tired of me.
"I can breathe again," he continued.

"It's like a new lease on life. I'll go down there and bust my butt for them. I'm not holding out for more money. I'm not threatening to quit. I want to play ball. I want to make money. Sure, I'm going away from my home town, but I don't mind. It's a new start.'

Peppy was asked where it all went

wrong.

"Let me level with you," he said. "When I came to the Yankees, I was the next Mantle, the next DiMaggio. They expected so much of me. I don't think I disappointed them. I hit a lot of homers for them. I drove in a lot of runs. I led the club in driving in winning runs. I know I drew people to the stadium. For the last couple of years, I was the only exciting ballplayer they had. But when you lose, you've got to do something.

What the Yankees did was say "good riddance" to a man who hit 156 homers in eight years, who drove in 542 runs, who batted .251 and played first base and the outfield with style if not con-

sistency.

"In a sense, I feel relieved of a prob-

V.D. ...it can hurt

. . . and it can hurt bad. It knows no boundaries. The incidence between homosexuals is as high as it is between male and female. And it is not limited to poverty areas. One of the nation's most affluent counties last year was one of the highest V.D. areas in the country. If you lined up all the people in the U.S.A. treated for V.D. in the year 1969 they would stretch for well over 100 miles. Unless immediate procedures are taken to stamp out V.D. the line will get longer, Complete information on V.D. is readily available from physicians, clinics and public health sources. Your local Pharmacist is a professional source for medically recognized products that aid in the prevention of V.D.

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lem," said Lee MacPhail, a decent man and a good executive. "But it'll be hard to imagine the club without him. He was colorful and he had the spirit of youth, and some of the problems that go with

The problems now belong to the Houston Astros. But is there any evidence that the Astros are as prepared to deal with Pepitone as the Yankees were?

Consider the Astros. They are owned by Judge Roy Hofheinz, the former wheeler-dealer mayor of Houston who built the Astrodome with public funds. In 1968, two idealistic young Houston players-Rusty Staub and Bobby Aspromonte-refused to play this silly little game on the day Robert F. Kennedy was buried. The kindly judge docked his players a day's pay and later traded both of them.

Is this Texas politician about to be any more tolerant of a neer-do-well from Brooklyn? Cast Ernest Borgnine as The Judge, cast Frank Sinatra as Joe Pep, and you've got the sub-plot out of "From Here to Eternity."

However, Joe Pep will have more contact with Spec Richardson, the general manager, and Harry Walker, the manager. Both of them are making overtures

to Joe Pep.
"Joe, as long as you play ball for us, I don't care how long your hair is," Richardson told him.

"Every man is different," Walker said. "I can't go around changing their style of behavior. But maybe Joe will cut his hair a little before spring training.'

"The manager is named Harry (The Hat) Walker, right?" Peppy reasoned. "I can't cut my hair. I'm in the hair-styling business. Walker's bald, right? Oh, he'll make me cut my hair for sure."

Walker seemed a little surprised to learn that all the hair on the front of Joe Pep's head was actually a wig.

"Mmmmm," Walker mmmmmed. "Folks in that part of the country don't go for that kind of stuff."

But the manager rebounded quickly, and seemed a little reticent about tinker-

ing with Joe Pep. "I didn't jump off the fence on this deal," Walker recalled. "The thing that held me back was Peppy's reputation. I had to ask myself, 'Geez, what would it do to the club?' But then I asked my friend Vern Benson, who used to coach the Yankees, and Vern said Peppy isn't

a clubhouse lawyer or a troublemaker.

That made me feel better. "A man can look at himself from a

different angle when he gets traded. I got traded from St. Louis to Philadelphia and I won a batting title. Sometimes it's good to get away from your hometown. Besides, Yankee Stadium applies so many pressures. It's had so many stars.

"I know that Peppy's got power, but our ballpark isn't made for homers. I look for him to hit .275-.280 with some power. I just don't want him to think we

expect 50 homers out of him.
"Shoot, he's only 29. Most players
don't hit their peak until they're 27. Peppy should have three-four top years for us if he wants to. Most players have

pride. I think Joe will enjoy it down in Houston. They're not real rough on you down there.

"If Joe wants to get off on the right foot, he'll do it. We're just hoping he'll get in good habits. You know your habits always follow you onto the field.'

It somehow seemed like a big order for Joe Pep to change his habits. He had promised so often in the past, and now he was promising again. Maybe this time it would really happen. He needed the money. He needed to keep his name in the public consciousness, so all the swingers in Brooklyn would flock to his hairdressing salon and boutique. It is called "Joe Pepitone Presents 'My Place'" and it's in the Mill Basin area near the Belt Parkway. Other people's money opened it, of course, but Joe Pep was involved in the planning. He talked about a future, about a chain of boutiques.

And his second marriage. Joe Pep talked seriously about that, too.

"Look, me and my wife, we see each other four-five times a week. It's so great. We're getting together, I really think so. I've grown up a lot but I still have to grow up some more. You can't tell what will happen, but it's beautiful right now.'

It's not too much to ask for a guy-a reunion with his wife, a gift of pride to his mother, a few homers, a lot of singles, some customers for his salon. For a guy who never meant to hurt anybody.

it's not much to ask at all. Peace, baby.

(Continued from page 37)

EBBETS FIELD

looking at Mr. Weiner now, intently. "I gotta have it," he said. "I just gotta! I never go anywhere without it.'

"We do not allow hardball playing in this school."

Eddie grinned then, as if everything were okay, and brought the ball out from behind his back. "I didn't know that," he said. "I'm sorry." He pushed the ball right in front of Mr. Weiner's face. We all gasped and Mrs. Demetri took a step toward them. "See?" Eddie said, smiling. "It's got Campy's signature on it."

"Who?"

"Campy!" Eddie said.

"Who, may I ask, is Campy?"

"Campy-Roy Campanella-he catches for the Dodgers!" Eddie was excited now. "You know-

"Of course," Mr. Weiner said. Then he smiled awkwardly. There was something about Eddie that had him mystified. You could tell. "Well, put that ball away and don't bring it to school again," he said. "This is your first day here, so I'll excuse you. But there are no second chances with me. Remember that."

When he left, Mrs. Demetri introduced Eddie to us. I applauded and most of the guys followed my lead. Mrs. Demetri didn't get too angry at me, though-in fact, after she gave Eddie the seat next to me, she put me in charge of getting him his books and making sure he knew where things were. Maybe she figured I'd be less trouble that way. At any rate, I was glad. The first thing I

did was to ask him where he'd gotten the baseball.

"I won it," he said. "Where?"

"On Happy Felton's Knothole Gang."

Eddie nodded and I nearly exploded out of my seat, wanting to tell all the guys. The Knothole Gang was this show they had on television then, that came on before all the Dodger games. Three or four guys who played the same position would get together with Happy Felton and one of the Dodgers down the rightfield line and they'd be tested on different things. Then, at the end, the Dodger would pick one of the guys as a winner and give the reasons he'd picked him.

I asked Eddie a few more questions and then I began telling him about our baseball team, The Zodiacs. He said he'd read about us in Jimmy O'Brien's column in the Brooklyn Eagle.

"You got that good pitcher, don't you and that crazy kid who brings a victrola to the games and plays the Star-Spangled Banner on it-right?'

"That's Louie," I said, pointing across the room. "He lives in my building. But we don't have the pitcher any more. He's in high school now. Izzie pitches for us most of the time this year.

We talked some more and I asked him if he wanted to play with us, as long as he was in our class now, and he said he'd love to, if we'd let him. Then I wrote out a note, telling all the guys that Eddie had won the baseball on Happy

Felton's show and that he'd agreed to play on our team, and I passed it across the room to Louie. His face lit up, and he passed it on to Corky. By the time we got into the yard for lunch that day, Eddie was a hero, and all the guys crowded around him, asking about what Campy had said to him and about what team he had played on before and things

I got to know Eddie pretty well during the next few weeks. He wasn't very bright-this was pretty obvious the first time Mrs. Demetri called on him to read something—and he was very quiet, but he would have done anything for you if you were his friend. All the guys liked him and we were pretty happy he had moved into our neighborhood. He was the kind of guy you wished you had for a brother. His father had died a couple of years before, and until he moved he'd been living in Boro Park with his mother. He never talked a lot about her or his home or what it had been like living in Boro Park, but we all knew the most important thing-that his family was Orthodox. The first time one of us said something to him about making the big leagues some day, he shook his head and said that he didn't think he ever would because he couldn't play or travel on Saturdays. When we brought up the names of other Jewish ballplayers who'd played-Hank Greenberg, Cal Abrams, Sol Rogovin, Sid Gordon, Al Rosen-he said they hadn't come from families like his. He said it would kill his mother if

any of his relatives ever found out about the things he did on Saturday-that he could hide most things as long as he wasn't living near them, but if he ever got his picture in the papers for doing something on Saturday, they'd know about it.

Eddie himself wasn't very religioushe played ball with us at the Parade Grounds on Saturdays-but he was determined not to hurt his mother, and I guess I could understand why at the time. I knew she worked to support the two of them, and that Eddie felt pretty bad toward her about moving from their old neighborhood. I guess he felt she had moved because of him. At any rate, even though he may have felt obligated to her in a lot of ways, it didn't stop him from wanting to be a big-league ballplayer. That was pretty obvious.

Nineteen fifty-five was the year the Dodgers beat the Yankees in the World Series, and Eddie came over to my house to watch the games on television. I don't think I've ever seen a guy get more excited than he did during the last game of that Series. The Dodgers had one of their great teams then-Campy, Furillo, Robinson, Reese, Snider, Hodges, New-combe, Erskine—but the heroes of that last game were two other guys, Sandy Amoros and Johnny Podres. When Amoros made his famous catch of Yogi Berra's fly ball in the sixth inning and without hesitating turned and threw to Reese, who doubled up McDougald at first base, Eddie went wild. He couldn't sit down after that. He just kept walking around the room, pounding guys on the back, shaking our hands, and repeating again and again: "Did you see that catch? Boy, did you see that catch?"

We must have relived each inning of that series a hundred times during the rest of that year. I kept telling Eddie that since Podres-who had won the third and last games of the series-was only 23 years old, he'd still have plenty of years to pitch to Eddie when Eddie got to the Dodgers. Eddie always insisted it was an impossibility, but then Louie came up with another one of his bright ideas-if Eddie changed his name and grew a mustache some day, how would his relatives ever find out? Eddie liked the idea and that spring, for practice, Eddie used the name Johnny Campy when he played with our team.

We played in the Ice Cream League at the Parade Grounds and we did pretty well, even though we didn't win the championship. Eddie was fantastic. He batted over .400, was lightning on the bases, only made about two or three errors, threw out ten guys stealing, and did the one thing he did in no other place-he talked all the time. He'd be quiet until we got to the field, but the minute he put on his shin guards, protector and mask, his mouth began moving a mile a minute, and he'd keep up the chatter the whole game. I loved to listen to him. "C'mon, Izzie babe," he'd yell, crouched behind the plate. "Chuck it here, chuck it here. Plunk it home to Campy, honey babe. Show 'em how, show 'em how. Plunk it home to Campy! This batter's just posin' for pictures. Let's go, babe. Plunk it home to Campy . . .

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athletes I've ever seen-and not just in baseball, as we soon found out. Until he came to our school Izzie and I were generally considered the best basketball players of all the guys, but Eddie made us look like amateurs. We were only in the eighth grade then, but when we'd play in the schoolyard on weekends Eddie could hold his own with the high school and college boys.

He was skinny and got banged around a lot under the boards, but he was the most fantastic leaper I've ever seen. Lots of times, even when he was boxed out, he'd just glide up in the air, over everybody else, and pluck the ball out of the sky with those big hands of his. He could dunk the ball with either hand.

My parents knew how much I loved basketball and that summer, for the second straight year, they sent me to Camp Wanatoo, where Abe Goldstein, the Erasmus coach, was head counselor. I remember he got pretty upset when I told him that Eddie was supposed to go to Westinghouse—a vocational high school-instead of to Erasmus, Schoolyard reputations spread pretty fast in our neighborhood and he'd already heard about Eddie from a lot of the guys on his team. I explained to him about how Eddie's grades weren't too good, and about his mother.

When I got back from camp and saw Eddie, the first thing he told me was that he'd decided to go to Erasmus. He said that Mr. Goldstein had visited him and promised him and his mother that Eddie would get through high schooland that he could get him a scholarship to college. We spent a lot of time that fall playing in the schoolyard together, and Eddie got better and better. He'd spent the summer in the city, working as a delivery boy and helper in his uncle's butcher shop in Boro Park, and he'd developed a gorgeous fadeaway jump shot that was impossible to stop. When we weren't playing, we'd sit by the fence in the schoolyard and talk about the guys on the Erasmus team or about the Dodgers-and we'd have long debates on whether it was better to get a college education and then play pro basketball or to forget about college and take a big bonus from a major-league baseball team.

That winter we played on a basketball team together in the Daily Mirror tournament and we probably would have won the championship, only in the big game for the Brooklyn title Eddie didn't show up until the last quarter. He went wild then, putting in shots from crazy angles, rebounding like a madman, stealing the ball, and playing his heart outbut we were 15 points behind when he arrived and when the clock ran out were still down by four. For weeks afterwards you could hardly talk to him, he was so upset. All of us told him to forget it, that we understood about his mother getting sick and him having to stay with her until the doctor came, but he still felt he'd let us down.

His mother got better, spring came, the baseball season started, and Eddie stopped coming to school almost completely. Any time the Dodgers were in town-except for the days our baseball team had a game or the afternoons he worked as a delivery boy for his uncle -Eddie would be at Ebbets Field. He was always trying to get me to come along with him, but I usually found one excuse or another not to. He kept telling me there was nothing to worry about. He said he knew somebody in the attendance office and that all we had to do was give him our programs and show up for homeroom period in the morning -the guy in the office would write in our names as absent on the sheets that went to the teachers whose classes we'd be cutting. He never seemed to get into any trouble and finally in the middle of June, I told him I'd go with him

We made up to meet in front of Garfield's Cafeteria, at the corner of Flatbush and Church, at 10:30, after second period. Eddie was there ahead of me and we got on the Flatbush Avenue bus and paid our fares. I kept looking around, expecting to see a teacher or a con-

"Just act normal." Eddie told me. "And if anybody stops us, just put one of these on your head—" he reached into a pocket and pulled out two yarmulkas-"and tell whoever asks you, it's a Jewish holiday and that we go to yeshiva. That always works."

When we got off the bus at Empire Boulevard, where the Botanical Gardens begin, we still had a couple of hours until the game started and I asked Eddie what we were going to do until then. He smiled. "Follow me," he said.

I followed. I saw a few cops along the street, but none of them bothered us. Some old men were getting their boards 67 ready, with buttons and pennants and souvenirs, and when we got to McKeever and Sullivan Place, where the main entrance was, a few guys were selling programs and yearbooks. We walked along Sullivan Place and Eddie stopped about halfway down the block, where the players' entrance was.

A minute later a taxi stopped at the curb and two big guys got out-I recognized them right away as Gil Hodges and Duke Snider. It really surprised me, I remember, to discover that we were as tall as both of them-taller than Snider.

"Any extra tickets?" Eddie asked. "Sorry—not today, Eddie," the Duke said, and the two of them disappeared into the clubhouse.

I nearly died. "You mean you actually

know them?" I asked.

"Sure," Eddie said. "Hell-I've been out here like this for three years now." He scratched at his cheek and tried to act nonchalant, but I could tell how proud he was that a Dodger had called him by name with me there. "I don't think they'll have any extras today, though-Milwaukee has a good team this year and there were probably lots of their friends wanting tickets."

"It's okay," I said, still flabbergasted.

"I got a couple of bucks for tickets."
"We won't need 'em, I hope," he said. "If nobody has extras, we can try waiting in the gas station on Bedford Avenue. There's always a bunch of kids there, hoping to catch a ball, but they usually hit four or five out in batting practice.

If we can get just one, the guy at the gate will let us both in-he knows me.'

"If not?"

He shrugged. "The bleachers. It's only 75 cents, and after about the second inning you can sneak into the grand-stands."

In a few minutes some more Dodgers came by and they all smiled and said hello to Eddie, but none of them had any extra tickets. It didn't bother me. After a while I just followed Eddie's lead and said hello to the players also, saying things like, "How're you doing, Carl? We're rooting for you!" to Furillo, or "How're you feeling today, Campy?" and I hardly believed it when some of the players would actually answer me. As I got more confidence I got bravertelling Pee Wee to watch out for guys sliding into second base, telling Karl Spooner that if he pitched he should keep the ball low and outside to Aaron -and after each group of guys would go into the clubhouse I'd slam Eddie on the back and punch him in the arm. "C'mon," I'd say to him, "pinch me right on the ass, buddy. Then I'll know it's true!" Eddie just kept grinning and telling me how stupid I'd been to wait this long to come to a game with him.

By 11:30, though, we still didn't have

any tickets.
"We should of waited by the visiting team's entrance," Eddie said. "They hardly ever use up their passes."

Then, as we started to walk toward Bedford Avenue, we saw this little guy come trotting up the street toward us. Eddie squinted.

"It's Amoros," he said. "Hey, Sandy -any tickets?" he called.

"Oh, man, I late today," Amoros said when he got to us, shaking his head back and forth. He reached into his wallet handed us two tickets, and we wished him luck. Then he continued toward the

players' entrance, running.
"Whooppee!" I shouted as soon as
he was gone. "Amoros for Most Valuable Player!" I threw my arm around Eddie's shoulder and we ran down the street together, half dragging each other, until we got to the turnstile entrance. Then we stopped and strutted inside together, handing the guard the tickets as if it was something we did every day of the week. As soon as we were inside, Eddie yelled, "Let's go!" and we raced under the arcade, laughing and giggling. The instant we saw the field, though, we stopped. The groundskeepers had just finished hosing down the base paths and the visiting team hadn't come out yet for batting practice. There was hardly anybody in the stands and the sight of the empty ballpark seemed to sober us both up. To this day I don't think there's any sight that's prettier than a ballpark before a game's been played. Watching on television all the time, you forget how green and peaceful the field looks.

We had great seats that day, right over the Dodger dugout. They blasted the Braves, 9-1, with 14 or 15 hits, and we cheered and shouted like mad, especially when Amoros came to bat. I remember everything about the ballpark that day, and I think I remember the things that happened off the field more than I do the actual game. I remember the Dodger Symphony marching around the stands, and Mabel swinging her cowbell, and Gladys Gooding singing the national anthem and playing "Follow the Dodgers" on the organ and the groundskeepers wheeling the batting cage back out to centerfield, and the people across Bedford Avenue watching from their roofs. I remember being surprised at how many guys our age-and even younger-had come to the game, and I remember feeling really great when I heard somebody calling my name and I turned around and saw Mr. Hager wave to me. I waved back at him and then told Eddie about him. Mr. Hager was a retired fireman who lived on my. block. He went to every Dodger game and when they lost he always wore a black armband. When the Giants beat the Dodgers in the playoff in '51, nobody saw him for weeks afterwards, and then he wore this same black suit day in and day out until they won back the pennant in '52. Everybody in our neighborhood knew him and it was said that he got into at least two or three fights a week at Hugh Casey's bar on Flatbush Avenue. There were a lot of Dodger fans like him in those days,

Most of all, though, I remember how good I felt that day-just sitting with Eddie, eating peanuts and cheering and talking baseball. As it turned out, that was the last time I ever got to see a Dodger game. At the end of the season they announced they were moving to Los

Angeles.



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MY LIFE AS A GAMBLER

(Continued from page 18) line on the game was way off base, but I had won because I had known that Gene would dominate the game, and he had. I had it psyched. Henceforth I would bet when I had an edge; I would make a living that way, something for nothing, the American Dream.

I continued winning money on our 3. games for the remainder of the season. A new twist, however, was added. There were times when Gene was tired, down, bored, stiff, or when the line seemed weighted too much in our favor. when I bet against us. At first I felt guilty about it. Not so much the idea of betraying the school (to which I never could seriously feel much "loyalty") as that of betraying my friends, and, in particular, Gene. For, suddenly, I was put in the position where my friends, my roommate-the man whose dreams, hopes, fears, and snores I shared night and day-became my enemies. I wanted them—him, Gene—to miss, to screw up, to fail. But if my conscience made early objections, it soon lapsed into silence. The easy money, my ability to dissemble with my friends, and most of all, the sense of joy, of power, of sheer invincibility from winning more than compensated.

The real problem arose when the basketball season ended. I found that despite a heavy load of school work (senior finals were close at hand and I was in an honors program), several available ladies, movies to see, sports to play, I felt restless, bored, uneasy. I was lacking an edge. It could have been no more than a week after our last basketball game when I realized that the feeling was due to a lack of action, to the absence of an event, a moment to look forward to. I wanted, I needed, quite

simply, to bet.

I managed to last out the semester, the withdrawal (the term is chosen advisedly for I felt physically sick!) intensifying by the week. Finally, having returned home, having been graduated with honors, facing a long, hot New York summer with nothing much to do (graduate school was three months away), I

decided to start again.

There was, of course, a difference this time. The baseball season was on and, unlike my school where I was familiar with the players, lived with Gene, had an edge, the only major-leaguer I knew was Hank Thompson and he was retired. But let us lay it on the line, dear reader, it excited me that I didn't have an edge. The greater the chance of losing, the greater the satisfaction in winning. I had amassed capital totalling \$4200. I would play with that, and if, I decided, it disappeared, I would quit.

Did I ever really believe that? Did I ever, past those first few basketball games, past the first night when Gene was hot, past—yes, say it—past the mo-ment when I said "yes" to El Dorado, ever believe that I would, that I could stop?

I had been a Giant fan since I was six years old. So I determined to play with them. I called El Dorado and asked for

the line.
"They're 7-8 over the Mets," he said. "Which means what?" I said.

"You can't be for real!" he said, "You haven't lost a bet all year and you don't know what a line is!"

"I've never bet baseball before," I

"It means if you take the Giants, you lay 8-5, and if you take the Mets you get

"The Giants for 2000," I said.

"You're stepping up," El Dorado

said, pleased.

Indeed I was. My biggest bet up to that point had been \$800, but the idea of re-entering the realm of risk on such an outrageously wild scale generated a new sense of excitement, almost as though I were about to lose my virginity

I called Henry and asked him to come out to the game with me. He told me he was already going with a few friends but that I could join them. Half an hour later he was in front of my house, behind the wheel of a gold Coupe de Ville. With him were two men, one our age, a fat, greasy kid with a gold identification bracelet and a grotesque, pink cardigan sweater. The other was a man of about 50, bald, gross, talking through a mouthful of bagel and nova scotia salmon.

"A hundred dollars says we don't get out there by 1:30," he was saying.

You're on," Henry said. "What about you?" he said to the identification bracelet.

"I'm wit' Barney," he said.

"What about you, Billy?" Henry said. "Are you crazy?" I said. "I have enough on the game."
"How much?"

I told him.

"You're on the wrong side," Henry

"What do you mean?"

"You have the loser."

"You mean it's fixed?" I said, sarcastically, almost angrily.

Henry and Barney laughed. The identification bracelet smiled.

No, cretin, nothing's fixed, but the smart money's on the other side.'

"What smart money?"

"The people."

"What people?" I felt as though I had descended into the depths of a Kafkaesque circus in which I was unwittingly playing the persecuted clown.

Look," Henry said, "this isn't a quiz show. I'm just telling you that if you're smart you'll wash your bet and play the Mets. We can stop at a phone booth on the way if you like."

"I'll stick with the Giants," I said.

"What did you lay?"

"Eight-to-five," I said.

"Eight-to-five? What's 8-5? Didn't you get a dime line?"

"I bet the kid don't even know what a dime line is," the bracelet said. "Two-to-one says he does," said

Barney. "The kid can't be that dumb." "Yeah, I'm that dumb," I said. "What is it?"

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THE SPORT SERVICE AWARD

JOHN LASLO

Martins Ferry, Ohio, is a town that knows well the importance of providing good recreational facilities. The area has produced such outstanding sports figures as Lou and Alex Groza, John Havlicek, and Phil and Joe Niekro. John Laslo. too, is aware of the importance of the facilities. The founder of Colt League baseball in the area, Laslo is now the mayor of Martins Ferry, and one of his main goals is to provide the city with a civic center which will serve both old and young. A former national commissioner of Colt Baseball, Laslo is now a vice president of Boys Baseball, Inc. Despite his heavy schedule, he's never too busy to help some youngster or senior citizen, find extra fulfillment through recreation.



HARRY HEWITT

As president of the Oskaloosa, Iowa, Little League program for the past 15 years, Harry Hewitt is the one person responsible for expanding the organization from just four local teams to one which now features 42 teams spread out over three county areas. As the state officer in Little League, Hewitt handles all phases of the local operation and makes sure that the program is run smoothly for the nearly 700 participants. Out of a town population of 11,000, Oskaloosa has one of the highest percentages of participation in the Midwest and it was Hewitt who was the expansion planner. He has been known to give aid-with no questions asked-to youngsters unable to buy shoes, gloves and other equipment.



JAMES DODSON

Another active Little League officer for many years, Jim Dodson also works for the Athens, Tennessee, recreation commission, plays softball, is a state Secondary School Athletic Association official and oversees programs throughout the city during the summer. He also helps with the planning and conducting of softball tournaments and leagues. An elementary school teacher of physical education, Dodson is the man who is called upon most often to coordinate the city's various athletic programs in baseball, football, basketball, swimming, tennis and golf. Dodson has been one of the most unselfish men in Tennessee sports. His character, leadership and development programs are difficult to match anywhere in the state.



"If you specify the pitchers," Henry said, "7-8 becomes 45-55."
"I don't need that," I said. "I win

\$2000 no matter what I lay.

On our way to Shea Stadium, however, I started to think twice about it. It was not so much that I had begun to doubt my infallibility as that I didn't like the idea of having been duped by El Dorado.

'Stop at the next phone," I said.

Henry smiled.

I waited in the booth for five minutes before El Dorado called back, Henry frantic because of the time of the delay; he had to get to Shea by 1:30. "I want a dime line," I said.

"You want Koosman and McCormick in the box?"

"Yes," I said. "Why didn't you give it to me before?"

"You didn't ask for it," he said and

hung up.

We arrived at Shea Stadium at 1:35 despite a 70-mile-an-hour pace on Queens Boulevard and a cavalier neglect of red lights and stop signs.

"I take him to a game and he costs me \$200," Henry muttered as we went into the ballpark.

In the top of the first inning the Giants loaded the bases with nobody out. Mc-Covey, Hart and Hiatt were the next three hitters.

"See, I can't lose!" I said to Henry. "I'm a winner, that's all there is to it.

Screw your 'people.'"
"Tell the loud mouth to shut up," the

bracelet said to Henry.
"Leave him alone," Henry said. "Let him have his tease. I don't think it will last long.'

"You want to up your bet?" I said to

'Lay me 55," he said, "and I'll take a dime (\$1000) from you."

"You've got it," I said.

The words out of my mouth, McCovey popped out to first base. Henry smiled. I grew anxious. The game had taken on dimensions far beyond itself. If I lost, my entire winnings from basketball would be wiped out. I would either have to quit gambling (a thought by now totally out of the question) or else start playing once again with money I did not have. If I won, not only would I have a fat sum with which to play the next few weeks but I would also have beaten the professionals, the "people."

Hart took a called third strike.

Hiatt bounced back to the box and

the inning was over. I ordered a hot dog and stuffed it whole in my mouth, down my throat, into my nauseous stomach.
"You a little less confident now?"

Henry said with a smirk.

Suddenly, I detested him. I detested his ignorance, his style of life, his friends, and his condescension toward me, his awareness of my superiority over him in every respect. But it went beyond that. For the first time in memory I detested myself. I was in the wrong place with the wrong people doing the wrong thing. and yet I knew that no matter what the outcome of the game I would be in similar places with similar people doing similar things for the rest of my life. I was sick. Encased. Enslaved.

(Continued on page 72)

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ASK THE EXPERTS



Ernie Harwell, who is in his 21st year of airing big-league baseball, does the Tiger ballgames for station WJR in Detroit

How many professional bouts did Muhammad Ali win?

-David Murray, FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Muhammad Ali fought 29 pro bouts between 1960 and 1968 and was unbeaten. He won 23 of them by knockout, the remainder by decision.

What is the NBA record for most points scored by two teams in a regular season game?

-Peter Dennen, West Hempstead, New York

The Philadelphia Warriors and the New York Knickerbockers played a 1962 game in which a total of 316 points were scored. The Warriors had 169, the Knicks 147. This was the night Wilt Chamberlain tossed in 100 points.



Ron Hewat can be heard twice daily on station CKFH in Toronto. During the hockey season he does a show before Maple Leaf home games

Who was the last major-league rookie to get 200 or more hits?

-Norman Fetzer, North Miami Beach, Florida

Tony Oliva of the Twins got 217 hits in 1964, his rookie year.

The insignia of the Montreal Canadiens is a large "C" enclosing an "H." For what does the "H" stand?

-Jeff Hunt, Portland, Oregon

The official title of Montreal is "Le Club de Hockey Canadien Inc." and it is from there the "H" derives. However, tradition tells us that when the team was first formed (in 1917) most of the players were French Canadian farmers. These men called themselves "Les Habitants," or The Citizens of the Land.



Mary Albert does New York Knick basketball games and New York Ranger hockey games on WHN/radio/1050 in New York

What was the history of the pro football New York Yankees?

-John Koppisch, Murray Hill, New Jersey

The Yankees were a charter franchise in the All-American Conference (1946-50). Their home field was Yankee Stadium and they were one of the league's best teams. In 1950 they joined the NFL. After two poor seasons the Yankees were sold and became the Dallas Texans. The inept Texans disbanded in 1953.

Where does Dick Barnett rank among NBA scorers?

-Tom Lund, Floral Park, New York

Barnett, now in his tenth NBA year, entered the 1969-70 season with 11,687 points. He ranks 22nd on the all-time scorers' list.

> This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask the Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Selected ones will be used.

(Continued from page 70)

Cleon Jones homered deep over the left-centerfield wall. The Mets maintained the lead throughout the game. Koosman pitched a three-hitter and I

On the way back Henry said: "Now, if you're smart, Billy, you'll listen to me. You'll play the way I tell you to play and you'll make some money. If you don't, you'll end up selling your mother's grave."

Yes, I would listen. It was just the

beginning, after all, and I had a long way to go. It would be far less lonely not to be by myself.

To Be Continued Next Month

WHY I WANT OUT OF THE ABA

(Continued from page 27)

the season. But I've been doing more than scoring in the ABA. I feel I have more responsibilities and I play a differ-

ent kind of ballgame.

With the Warriors, my main asset was scoring. I could cheat a little on defense and others would make up for it. Now I try to play more defense. I pass and try to set up plays. I also try to do more rebounding. I didn't have to worry about that with the Warriors with Nate Thurmond around. Ira Harge does a great job for us, but he's not the shot-blocker or intimidator Nate was.

But while the game itself has been satisfying in the ABA, playing in front of small crowds hasn't been. Indiana is an exception. Those people are basket-ball crazy. They sell out. And they draw 6000 or 7000 in Denver. But it's not much fun playing in Washington before 1200, and it totally destroys any home-court advantage. Washington is a good basketball area and the arena is not that bad, but the people just won't come to that neighborhood. It's a very difficult situation.

I may be with the Caps another two years. I have one more year on my contract plus an option year. But I'll be back with the Warriors by the 1972-73

season at the latest.

If there's one thing I regret about this whole mess it's all the trouble I've caused so many people-especially Franklin Mieuli. I couldn't blame him if he disliked me. I've given him every reason to,

but I think he understands.

I really believe Franklin has a sincere interest in his players. And I think the players feel the same way about him. To say I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused him isn't going to repair all the damage that was done. And that's one reason why it would be nice to play for him again.

One day I hope all of this will be settled in court. Maybe the merger will help. Maybe then Franklin Mieuli can do something to get me back where I

belong.

Meanwhile, all I can do is hope-one, that my knee holds up and two, that I can go back home.

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water or any kind of fresh water sport and pan fish and many kinds of salt water fish. Catches almost all kinds of fresh water game fish and pan fish plus salt water fish! Got strikes after same lure cast before failed. Guaranteed to catch fish or no cost. Only \$10.95 or no cost. Only \$10.95.

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New vibrating lure gives loud gurgling, splashing, bubbling sounds as you skitter it along the surface of the water! Sends out up to 200 vibrations every minute underneath that water! Looks completely unlike anything that a fresh water fish has seen before.

This weird sight and waird cound

This weird sight and weird sound and weird sonic vibrations — in one of its very first Summer trials lured fish into attacking so savagely that they actually knocked it out of the water. Hauled in trout, bass, muskie, walleye, and pike, even when other lures had caught little or no fish right next to it! Here's why —

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Then, three die-hard friends try their luck with me! We cast from the edge of the water. At the end of our lines is an entirely different lure — a weird little metal monster that casts like a bullet and flutters back through the water like a drowning bat!

FISHERMEN SURPRISED

Almost at once that quiet water explodes into action! The first strike causes a shout of excitement! And then a second strike! A third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth! Beautiful rainbows and browns still shimmering from the water — being pulled in at the rate of more than one every minute!

Now the water almost explodes with

Now the water almost explodes with fish striking! Sometimes four and five trout savagely attack one lure at the

same time! Fifty — seventy — ninety fish are caught and released! People along the shore stop to watch!

In one short hour, we have caught and released 120 fish! Why did this bat-shaped lure catch fish by the stringer-full — even after ordinary lures, and natural bait have caught little or nothing?

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tions every minute underneath that water — that fish find irresistible!

Navy Fish Biologist report about the sounds fish make between themselves in the water. Fish follow the propellers of a boat as though they were hypnotized by the sound.



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inued to land so many fish, so quickly, that fish ermen watched in amazement!

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ERNIE BANKS AND RON SANTO SOUND OFF

(Continued from page 25)

in all honesty that everybody's going to be stronger. I know one thing: the Mets being World Champions-everybody's going to be after them. They're not going to be saving the Bob Gibsons for the Cubs; they're going to be throwing the

Bob Gibsons at them.

BANKS: It's pretty hard for a club to repeat in the National League after having been World Champions. I mean, it has been done but not too often. And a club that lost in the last week or so. it's tough for a ballclub to come back together. So there are two things in the 1970 race. But I believe we have the personnel to overcome this factor that applies to us, but I don't believe they have the personnel to overcome the factor that applies to them. The other teams-the Pirates are a club I pick to be a real surprise to both of us-the Mets and the Cubs-along with the Cardinals.

FURLONG: When did you become aware of the Mets as a team of that potential-a team that could take it away

from you?

SANTO: All during the season, let's face it, nobody expected the Mets to do what they finally did. They played great baseball-I can't take it away from them. There was a time when we were 91/2 in front of them, it looked like they were going to fold, like everybody said they would. But they came back and they came back strong. I think when I noticed the difference was in July, when we played them in the second series. when we were 61/2 in front of them. It was like a World Series. I'd never been in New York when I saw so many writers, columnists, TV men, people from all over the United States-it was like a World Series! We still had two months to go and we'd pick up a paper and all they talked about was the Mets. the amazing Mets, and how good they were. And they were 6½ games behind us! They made your Al Weises, your Harrelsons, your Garretts all look like they were Babe Ruths. I'm sure any one of those ballplayers picked up a paper, they felt like Babe Ruth. It gave them momentum. This is very important—the mental attitude. We lost two out of three ballgames in that series.

BANKS: I remember the Mets-in September. I think it was, we were playing a weekend series at St. Louis and they were playing, I believe, five games in three days at Pittsburgh. And I just kinda figured that the Pittsburgh Pirates, with their good batting ability and fine pitching, that they could beat the Mets three of those five games. But the Mets beat them a doubleheader, 1 to 0 in both games, and their pitchers drove in both runs. And they went on to win four out of five from the Pirates, at Pittsburgh. We hit a little bit of a slump at that time and they were playin' great. Then they began comin' in behind us. We'd go to St. Louis and they'd go to St. Louis— but we'd get Gibson, Carlton, and those fellas. We'd go to Montreal and we'd get their best pitchers up there; the Mets'd come in behind and they'd get 74 the other pitchers. So there was a cycle there. But getting past the Pirates five games in three days-that made a difference. Then they went back to New York and they played, I believe, five more games with the Pirates. Bob Moose, I believe, pitched a no-hitter against them, I figured the Pirates would get a little momentum now. But the Mets came right back—they just continued to win. SANTO: What really got me about them was that everyday it was a new lineup. Really, the same personnel was sitting on the bench as was playing out there, other than your Agees and your Cleon Joneses and your pitching staff. But to make any other adjustment, it was a matter of coming up with the same amount of ability. So then you say, "Why didn't Leo rest us?" Well, because it's hard to rest seven ballplayers on our team that you need out there every day. Well, you say, "Why didn't Leo rest us when we were six or seven or eight games ahead?" Because we wanted to get 12 games ahead, that's why. They say that Gil Hodges made some great moves by platooning. Well, he had no alternative but to platoon, let's face it. He played the righthanders against the lefthanders, you know what I mean? But they kept coming, they kept coming. If you made a mistake towards the end of the season. they would take advantage of it, where they never did before. What really amazed me about the Mets was that they played great defensive ball. Another thing that amazed me was that one man made the whole difference to that ballclub and I vote him the most valuable player and that was Tommie Agee. The Seavers, the Koosmans-I think Jerry Koosman could have won 25 ballgames if he didn't get hurt. Because to me.



Jerry Koosman is the best pitcher I've seen. Seaver? A great pitcher-let's take nothin' away from him. But Koosman can put the ball where he wants to. You see, Seaver is more of a challenging pitcher than Koosman-that's his type of pitching. They had great pitching. But, well, you might say they didn't have the personnel to win it but they did it. They did it because they were more aggressive and they had the momentum.

BANKS: One sparkling game that I remember, we played at Montreal on a Monday night and they played at St. Louis and Steve Carlton pitched one of the best games he ever pitched in his life. Nineteen strikeouts. He struck Swoboda out three straight times and the last two times at bat Swoboda hit two two-run homers to beat him 4-3. That kinda game can real-l-ly give a club a lift. The worse thing that can happen to a hitter, to a team, is to have a lot of strikeouts-19 strikeouts really demoralizes a team. But that club came back and won that ballgame and they just kept right on winning.

SANTO: I remember coming into the hotel room and Glenn Beckert, my roomie, was reading the paper and he said, "Carlton struck out 19!" And I said. "You're kidding!" So then he goes into the john and I hear, "Oh no!" And I say, "What?" And he says, "The Mets beat him!" There's a song out in New York -there really is-called "God is in New York." And I was sure of it.

FURLONG: How many games do you think the Cubs lost because of unother kind of break-the umpires' decisions? It looked for a while there that the umpires were determined to call everything

against the Cubs.

SANTO: I'm sure at a point there, things were going so bad that everything looked bad. I definitely don't think the umpires were favoring somebody else. There were a few breaks that went our way or we couldn't have gotten off to that fast start. And all of a sudden they changed-this is a part of baseball. Sure, there were some things that I got pretty hot about, but they all evened out.

Maybe the question you're really asking, Bill, is. "Do umpires like Leo Durocher?" No, I don't think they do, to be honest with you. And I don't think he likes umpires, to be honest with you. Leo is a very exciting person, he's a very excitable person. He's out there to win any way possible. I'm sure there's a lot of umpires who don't like him. Everybody's human; maybe there are certain ones that might have carried a grudge-you never know.

FURLONG: Do each of you have personal goals for 1970? Ron, you once said that you wanted to bat in 100 runs for

ten consecutive years.

SANTO: You're right. I felt that the ballclub that I was on, the position I was hitting in, the hitters I had hitting in front of me-Billy Williams, to me, is the best No. 3 hitter in the game-and I felt that I was capable of driving in that many runs. So for the last eight years, I've been driving in, as an average, over 100 runs. I've been in the 100s four times and I've been in the 90s four times. Sure. I shoot for these goals. I shoot for the average, I shoot for the 30 home runs, and I shoot for 100 RBIs. If I wanted to hit home runs, I think I could really hit maybe 45 home runs this year. But I think I would end up hitting .250; I don't know how many runs I would drive in.

BANKS: I'm looking forward personally to playing in 162 games-I may be talkin' over my head but I'm shootin' for, and getting myself in shape, to play 162 games this summer. I'm also lookin' forward to getting into the "500 circle" this year (Ed. Note: he needs only three more homers to do it) and join great ballplayers like Ted Williams and Mays and Henry Aaron, just to name a few. And I'd like to hit .300. I'd like to be in the category with Ted Williams and Musial: after these guys got to be Jack Benny's age-39-they were .300 hitters. I think Johnny Callison is going to help both Ronnie and myself. His presence in the lineup is certainly going to mean more opportunities for better pitches for both Ronnie and myself and of course it's going to give us a better attack all up and down the line.

FURLONG: Where do you think he'll

hit in the lineup?

SANTO: We have no idea. One thing about Leo is that he's the type of man



that goes on hunches. One day during the season, I got the lineup card (Santo, as Cub captain, presents it to the umpires at home plate before the game) and all of a sudden I'm hitting sixth. I didn't question him; I wasn't hitting well, I figured he had a reason. So the next day I'm hitting seventh. Well, now I wanted to question him. So I just asked him. He felt he wanted to relax me, take the pressure off me a little bit. And it did.

Leo goes out there every morning, he watches the wind. And if the wind is blowing a gale, he'll see a switch in the lineup maybe. He wants to get the guys who are going to hit the ball up, up in that gale, as much as possible. Because it means, "all you have to do is hit that ball today." So he plays his hunches. Johnny could be hitting from second anywhere down in the lineup. He might even have him leading off. I doubt very much that he'll ever bat third because Billy Williams is probably the best third-

man in the game.

BANKS: Like I say, I don't know what Skip (Durocher) is going to do, but it looks like it could be left-right-Williams and Santo-and then Callison and myself: left-right, left-right, that kind of attack, where I'd move down to sixth. FURLONG: What about showboatingwill there be much of that this year? Ron, you were criticized for clicking your heels after games the Cubs won. Some players called it "bush." I thought it might have been a television gambit.

SANTO: No, not really. I'm a very excitable ballplayer. I've never been with a ballclub that was as exciting as the Cubs last year-you know, you get down to the last of the ninth, two men on and you're down by two runs and somebody hits a home run-that's the way it went all year. I recall a game against Montreal, we're down by two runs in the last half of the ninth inning and Jim Hickman hits a home run to win the game. I was so excited I kept hitting Hickman on the head. He told me later that he got a headache all the way down to his knees, I was hitting him so hard. So I'm running out to the clubhouse and I'm so excited-you know, this is it!and I jumped up and clicked my heels, not knowing if I could even do it. So

I'm watching TV that night and the first thing they show is me clicking my heels. I couldn't believe it! And then I started to get phone calls at Wrigley Field and letters-stacks of letters-"don't forget to click your heels." I'd be going along in my car and kids would be running alongside me, clicking their heels. One couple wrote-they must have been in their fifties-and they said the man had jumped up and clicked his heels after we won a ballgame and he fell down and broke both his ankles. Nobody criticized me then. No ballplayers came out with any criticism until we started to lose. Then all of a sudden, all the criticism came out. "It was bush." And I was "offending ballplayers." Deep in my heart, I know this is the way it goes. When you're No. 1, nobody says anything. When you're No. 2, there's all this criticism. It bothered me, yes. We're all professionals and if there are a certain amount of ballplayers who don't realize I'm doing this for the fun of baseball, then maybe I am wrong. So I stopped doing it. I did have an injury-I was out for a couple of days because of the pain in my ankles. But I didn't quit because of that, I quit because of the criticism. But believe me, if we'd have won, I would have clicked them twice in the air-that's how I felt about it.

BANKS: I think that was the greatest thing, for baseball and the ballclub, for Ronnie to do this. And knowing him, I know he didn't do it for any television purpose or to show anybody up on the opposing side. When he did that, he was so jubilant; I just hope Ronnie this year can do the same thing. It was part of the Cubs. It was identified with the Cubs. We needed something like that.

SANTO: (Laughing) The guys were telling me I was getting a little higher with each click. I would have had to get up there high for the double-click-I had it all planned, for the championship. I don't know if I would have made it but I was certainly going to try it. (More soberly) There were a couple of ballplayers from the Mets who mentioned it
—"it was bush." The ones that mentioned it never hit .250 in the major leagues. So I tried not to let it bother

FURLONG: What with that slump in late August and September-and all the talk about fatigue—do you think about pacing yourself differently in 1970?

SANTO: I don't pace myself at all. I go to spring training around 198 pounds. At most-I've gone over it once-I stay at 205 during the winter. I feel that I'm strong enough where I don't have to pace myself all year. I go hard all the time. Sometimes I wear myself out in spring training. I think it's important that I get off to a good start, but I've never been able to do it. The first month, two months, I'm hitting .180. .190, although I have good springs. I think I wear myself out mentally. Physically, it's not hard to get your body in shape. But you've got to get yourself ready mentally for the season. When that bell rings, you have a good spring, you're mentally

ready to go.

BANKS: I don't try to pace myself. In the '69 season, my main goal was to get out of the box fast. After you get older,



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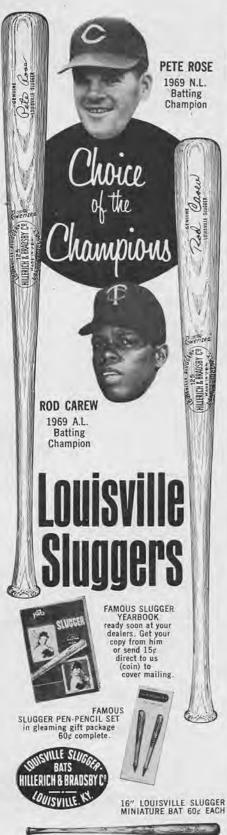
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FURLONG: Anything you can do about BANKS: Nothing I can do about it. It's

age-the factors that go into it. SANTO: Ernie really hit it on the nose, though. The critics can really make you feel old. If you don't get off to a fast start, they begin saying things like, "Well, he's in his thirties now—" And "Well, he's in his thirties now—" And you can't help thinking, "Am I getting old? Can't I do it anymore?"

FURLONG: What, in your views, could conceivably keep the Cubs from winning the pennant in 1970?

BANKS: I would say one thing is depth. I don't mean people getting tired. I mean a key player getting hurt. If we can keep them in there-the key players-nothing can stop us.

SANTO: Nothing. As far as I'm concerned-nothing. I have personally one thing that I want to show-that we were the best ballelub, that we should have won it, that we can win it. I know person !!y that I'm going out there and be a little tougher, a little meaner, a little more aggressive.

AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL, COME OUT FIGHTING

(Continued from page 35)

1776. What surprised him, he said, was not only that such an entertaining show could be made out of such overtly unpromising material as the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but the element of suspense which was engendered. Everybody knew what had happened-after all, it had happened nearly 200 years ago-but there was still a genuine tension before the vote was lost, won and unanimous.

While there was a marked lack of authenticity about the Clay-Marciano film -let us settle on that as the operative noun-the audience was involved from the first. It was fascinating to see and hear just how great a hero and a symbol Clay remains to the black community. "I'm going to punish him!" scowled Clay, no more and no less histrionic than in the pronouncements he made before genuine fights. "Mind you, remember what I say!'

"Yes!" cried a black spectator.

"If I could corner him and knock him out," mumbled the newly toupee-ed Marciano, "and that would perhaps take some doing, I could maybe knock him out." For a man notoriously hostile to Clay, Marciano was generous enough to say, "He'll die of old age unless someone drops a bag of cement on his head when he's walking down the street."

Nat Fleischer, the ancient and inde-structible editor of Ring magazine which is still honest enough to recognize Clay as world champion-struck a discord when he said that Clay still had not proved to him that he was a great fighter. Boo! cried the black spectators, while one wondered what Clay would have to do to convince Mr. Fleischer. Knock over the Empire State building? Win a contest against a rogue elephant or two?

The fight, a sort of mosaic pieced together according to the dictates of the computer, was as synthetic as its method of assembly might have led one to expect. If belief were to be suspended, as it so manifestly was among many in that Cinerama audience, it had to be given a most substantial helping hand. In the first place, the sound effects were bewilderingly amateurish. A dull plunk of hollow percussion greeted every blow, however hard or soft and no matter where it landed.

Secondly, there was but one clinch to be seen in the whole 13 rounds. Could it be, one wonders, that a computer does not yet understand or assimilate anything as crude as a clinch? Yet the clinch is the very essence of professional boxing, many of whose bouts seem to be spent largely in mutual embrace. This leads one on to another valid criticism. Marciano, not to put too fine a point on it, was perhaps the roughest heavyweight champion of all time. To say that he was wholly without skill would not be quite fair—there were times, as he showed in this film, when he could and would actually take the trouble to slip a punch. But by and large, anything went, and any vestige of a claim that boxing had to being the noble art of self defense, or any kind of art at all, was scattered to the winds by Marciano's success. He met and beat better boxers in abundance. from Jersey Joe Walcott onwards. And if boxing needed one final nail in its depressing coffin, it received it from what we were asked to recognize as "The Computerized Championship of the World, when Marciano was given a knockout over Clay

For Clay could, and can, box; box beautifully. This, over and above his contentious and complex personality, was what endeared him to so many people. millions of them white. He brought back skill, science and an almost balletic elusiveness to a "sport" whose recent, undefeated champion had been a sublimated back alley brawler, prevailing through sheer brute strength and concrete durability

Which leads us to two closely related questions: first, what really would have happened had the two of them met when each was in his prime? Second, to what extent is a computer in a position to give us the answer?

Many experts were quite unconvinced by the outcome of the computer fight. pointing out that in Marciano's entire 49-fight pro career only once did he win with a knockout as late as the 13th round in his first fight against Jersey Joe Wal-

On the other hand, there were many who believe that Clay hadn't the punch to knock Marciano out. This is a moot and obscure point; one which is confused rather than satisfactorily resolved by the mysterious knockout of Sonny Liston in Lewiston, Maine. I myself also have seen Clay badly cut Henry Cooper (but then it has always been difficult to avoid cutting the unlucky Cooper) and knock out Brian London with a vicious hurricane of punches at Earl's Court. (But that might well have been seen as a merciful release; London had been fighting with what might charitably be described as an evident reluctance.)

The computer had both men tiring by the end—or, as it put it in its horrible computer language—"both men were well below optimum effectiveness." My own feeling is that Clay has always hit a great deal harder than many people give him credit, though his failure to knock out a fighter like Karl Mildenberger suggests that knocking out Marciano would have been beyond him. On the other hand, would Marciano have had enough steam to contrive a knockout punch after 13 rounds of chasing the elusive, floating butterfly? I am inclined to doubt it.

The curious lack of clinches and the absence of fouling meant that the presence of the alleged referee. Mr. Chris Dundee, was virtually irrelevant. Mr. Dundee, embarrassed perhaps by his fraternal relationship to Angelo, Clay's trainer, hovered on the fringes of it all like a timid ghost. He did not officiate at the affair so much as watch it from close at hand. This, too, deprived the film of conviction.

On the other hand, the commentators were wholly authentic in their blood-thirsty banalities, and they were matched in turn by the blood lust of the audience in the Cinerama. "Open that cut. brother!" they shouted. "Kill him, kill him!" Cries of "Get me some of that meat!" were counterpointed by the two commentators: "Ali is really using the meat grinder, now."

When Clay slumped down at the last, hung on the ropes in that 13th round, and was counted out by a come-alive Dundee. a black fan leaped to his feet and cried,

"Computer lie!"

Probably it did. Or rather it told the truth to the extent of a heavily circumscribed ability. For a computer cannot yet deal with imponderables, and if it tries, its verdict is no better and no worse than an inspired guess by an informed human being. (I hesitate to say "an expert." The experts, after all, were almost unanimous in predicting that Clay would be crushed by Sonny Liston in their first

fight, at Miami Beach.)

The "information" you can feed into a computer about one boxer is amorphous enough; when you feed in information about another, then try to play off one set of facts against the other, you are simply wandering into the realms of the fantastic. There is no mathematical way of working out exactly how Clay's style, his characteristic moves, would have worked against Marciano's, and vice versa. I am convinced that a computer, if its worthless opinion had been canvassed before the first Liston fight, would have made Liston as an easy winner. But great champions, especially those like Clay (and less so with Marciano) can adapt their style to the circumstances. We shall never know how Clay would have fought against Marciano because, with all due respect to the Computerized Championship of the World, he never fought him.

The computer is the mute and soulless god of our generation; it is our oracle, and we appear to believe in its omniscience as profoundly as the ancient Greeks believed in the Oracle of Delphi. We must realize that this is no more or less than an act of faith; a state of mind never more clearly betrayed than by the computer-scientist who wrote that in due course computers would simply take things over, and the best we could do was to build into them a sentimental concern for our poor, human selves.

Mr. Murry Woroner, promoter of computer fights, will understandably have none of this. The lack of clinches he defends as wholly realistic, rather than the opposite. He looked, he said, at all the fights each man ever had, and "in 76 fights, I saw only ten clinches. Clay would run, he would never get close enough to clinch . . . (and) every time Rocky grabbed him with his right and hit him with his left." He defends, too. the fact that Clay, most sublimely elusive of movers, was so often cornered on the ropes: "He was fighting a man whose whole career was devoted to getting men on the ropes. If you've ever watched a sheepdog fight, he had that way. Little moves to the left and right. Clay said at the end of the fight it was incredible how often he found himself there. He said it would probably have been the toughest fight of his entire career if he'd had to fight Marciano. Marciano did hurt him; and Clay did hurt Marciano.

Woroner also insists. "If you'll notice, there were several occasions on which Marciano actually landed low blows. Fighting from a crouch and being so much smaller than the taller man, it was rather easy to hit low. He'd hit anything he could reach. He didn't do it deliberately. If you turned 'round, he'd hit you

on the back of the head. There was, he went on, a massive induction of data. Every fight each man fought in his prime was taken to pieces, blow by blow. Moreover, the status and condition of each opponent was taken into account (precisely how, one wonders?). "There were 129 variables per fighter. This ranged from the killer instinct to speed of hands." (How do you measure the killer instinct? How deep is the ocean? How long is a piece of string?) Referees and trainers were consulted, the important qualities of a fighter were identified. Other experts-writers and the like—were then consulted to as-sess the importance of these qualities, and finally, says Woroner, "the individual fighters were rated on each of these (Opinions, rather than facts, items." were at issue here.)

To those who criticize the result of his Computerized Championship, Mr. Woroner retorts, "Our computer handled 4,000,000 statistics a round and had available to it everything the man did, every punch he threw in the prime five years of his career. The finest applied mathematical science. What kind of rules did you use to come up with your decision?

"What is truth?" asked Woroner, and stayed not for an answer.

He might have heard it, had he been there, in the Cinerama.

"Computer lie!"



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"FLOYD LITTLE IS ON HIS WAY AGAIN"

(Continued from page 29)

ious. "While I'm practicing football, she's practicing this," he said with a laugh. "She gets me in the mood for winning at football by beating me at pool.

He watched TV for awhile, fell asleep about 11 and slept 12 hours, just as though it were not the night before his weekly battle for survival. However, as time passed, he grew edgy. He skipped breakfast because his stomach didn't feel up to it, dressed, and then fidgeted as his wife drove him on the half-hour trip to Mile High Stadium.

Less than two hours later, Floyd pulled on his blue helmet and ran out onto the field with the rest of the Broncos. At 5-10 and 195 pounds, he seemed dwarfish among the giants who were warming up for combat, and early in the game he didn't seem very important. His assignments mainly called for blocking. But when he did start getting the ball, finally, he soon grew in stature. He darted quickly through holes, shifted speeds smoothly, faked out defenders with jitterbug steps, broke tackles with surprising strength, forced forward for extra yardage.

"Fluid" is the word. He ran hard, but with liquid motion, breaking a hard tackle applied by Joe Beauchamp to get 21 yards on one play, reaching out to catch a long pass on his fingertips and pivoting away from two defenders to get 17 yards on another. Both keyed drives, though both were later frustrated by in-

terceptions. He made the tackle after one of the interceptions. "I hate the interceptions, but love those tackles," he said later. "I love contact. I'd rather play defense than offense. Why should I be the one taking the raps? I'd rather be running those other cats down and tearing their heads off.

Between interceptions and dropped passes, neither side could finish a drive and the half ended scoreless. When the team returned, injury-wracked San Diego seemed dispirited, but the Broncos appeared refreshed and eager. Tensi began to send Little deep to strip away the free safety and clear other receivers, and Denver began to move through the air. Al Denson dropped a perfect pass that would have gone for a touchdown, which seemed to anger and inspire him at the same time, and he caught three after that, one for the first touchdown of the game. The conversion attempt was blocked, but before long. Denver was driving again. Little shook loose on a screen pass for 21 yards, setting up the second score. Floyd himself rammed it home from two yards out.

Late in the third quarter, Little took another screen pass 15 yards, but was tackled viciously by Ken Graham and squirmed in pain on the frozen ground until help hurried to him. He was hoisted to the bench, where he sat with his head hung between his knees as a trainer and doctor worked on his right leg. Someone helped him off with his helmet, revealing his face, numb from cold and caked with mud. As he cursed softly, his hot breath turned to steam in the cold air. He did

not get back into the game, which ended 13-0, the first shutout ever recorded by the Broncos. Little limped in last into the locker room. He stripped, and hobbled into the trainer's room, where he sat sprawled on a table with his legs spread and his back pressed against the wall. Despite his injury, he was smiling. All around him, the players whooped and hollered their happiness in the steamy warmth. Little's shins were scabbed from old sores and scraped bloody with new ones. "Badges of battle," he said with a grin. He pressed an ice pack against a bruise the size of a grapefruit on his right thigh, but it was his knee that worried him most. It had been twisted severely and he had been told he would have to have it examined the following day.

"That man Graham was so close to me, I didn't think he could unload heavy on me," Floyd explained. "If I'd lowered my head and just rammed into him, I'd never have been hurt. But I knew another score would put us out of reach, and I knew if I could get by him I'd go, so I was looking for six when I began to put down some stuff. I laid out a fake and he picked it up and knocked hellout of me while I had both feet off the ground. I landed awkward and knew I was hurt. How did I know? It hurt like hell, baby, that's how I knew.'

Injuries are nothing new to Little. As a pro he'd already suffered a cracked collarbone, a wrenched back, a strained sternum, a sprained ankle and a severely lacerated finger, along with one bad spell of the flu. He was also slowed down twice with iron deficiencies in the blood.

Still he is tough and plays hard. He even practices hard. One time, catching a pass in practice, he dented a metal barrier ten yards from the sidelines. At home he once cracked a wall re-creating a play for friends. One of his most treasured football memories is of the time he and his former Syracuse runningmate, 240-pound Jim Nance, wound up oneon-one against each other in a practice game. "I used to kid him I'd knock him into the bleachers if I ever got a chance," Floyd recalls. "In this game, I broke loose with only him between me and the goal line. I could have faked him easily. Instead, I drove right into him. Oh, my. We both went ten yards straight up. It was beautiful.'

(Continued on page 80)

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS

From page 12

1 b. 2 Frank Selvy. 3 c. 4 a. Atlantic Coast; b. Western Athletic; c. Missouri Valley. 5 c. 6 a. 7 b. 8 1967. 9 clout-archery; passgang-skiing; headmanning-ice hockey; chancery -wrestling, 10 True, 11 b, 12 False-Bill Russell. 13 c. 14 b. 15 a. 16 c.

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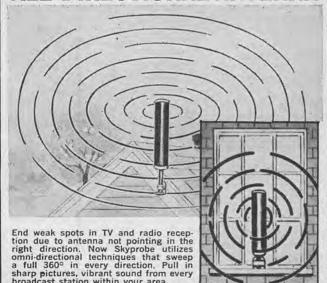
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(Continued from page 78)

He probed his sore knee gently and shrugged. "You can't tip-toe through games," he said. "If you're cautious, you're retired. You go all out and hope for the best. Against New York this year, Gerry Philbin landed on me and tore up my shoulder. Last year, my own teammate, Ron Lamb, fell on my ankle. It's got to hurt when guys 220, 250 or 280 land on you. You can't protect yourself against that. You just look to be lucky. I haven't always been lucky. I wasn't today.'

Little got up from the table and limped into the shower. He is so thickly muscled that his body seems drawn taut as a bow, which may explain his extremely bowed legs. "They help me," he said with a grin. "They're so bowed, tacklers can't get their arms all the way around them. If they were straight, I'd be three inches taller and a helluva pass receiver.

When he returned to towel himself off, he pulled out a picture of a rhino which had been left in his locker. On the back was written, "Best wishes from a member of your front wall." Floyd smiled. "I know it's from Mike Current, one of the linemen who blocks for me. We call him 'Rhino.' We got a good thing going on this club now. We've learned how to help each other. I got to see him to tell him I didn't know rhinos had knees.

But Rhino had gone by then, as had all the others. Only the mud remained with Little and me in the steamy room. Painfully, Floyd hauled himself erect and began to dress, pulling on slacks, a white turtleneck sweater and a heavy coat. He went out into the darkness, for it was night now, and cold, and he moved into a group of kids, who had waited patiently for his autograph. He gave it to them.

The following morning, Floyd and Joyce Little joined me for lunch at my motel. Many, many fans come up to them in the dining room to pay their respects. "I seem to be getting famous all over again," Floyd said, smiling. "It feels good. Not that I missed the spotlight. Couldn't care less about that. But I do have personal pride, and I am used to being with a winner. I've had a hard couple of years. I guess I should have expected that. Nothing ever came easy to me," he said, cocking his handsome head wistfully.

Floyd Little was born on July 4, 1942, in Waterbury, Connecticut. His father died of cancer when he was six, leaving his mother to raise six children on \$3200 a year in welfare payments. They lived in a poor black section of town. Floyd was a homely, nervous child, and for a long time would venture out into the world only when he could hang onto an older sister's skirt. Once he grew hysterical when separated from her. The other children called him "Cheetah" and mocked him. When he mispronounced a word in the third grade, others laughed at him. He refused to read aloud in school for years afterward.

His mother moved her family to New Haven when Floyd was 13, settling in another ghetto. In one house in which they lived, there were 26 children on 80 three floors. It seemed all of them were

doomed to remain in the poverty cycle. but Floyd found hope in sports. He was a fast, agile youngster, good at all sports, though he never practiced because he was too busy making five dollars a day as a shoeshine boy. At Hillhouse High School he established himself as a football prospect. Football was about all he learned there. Once he applied for a job as a janitor but was rejected because he was unable to fill out the application blank properly.

Still, many colleges, including Notre Dame, offered him scholarships. The one he finally accepted was from Bordentown Military Academy in New Jersey. He broke the color barrier there and played brilliant football, and they made him study and helped him to learn.

Many more colleges sought him, including Syracuse, which sent the ailing Ernie Davis to recruit him. Ernie impressed Little deeply with his simple honesty. The day he heard Ernie had died of leukemia, Floyd telephoned Syra-cuse coach Ben Schwartzwalder to tell him Syracuse had a new running back. At Syracuse, Little was given the num-ber 44, worn earlier by Davis and Jim Brown. He further glorified the jersey by gaining 2704 yards rushing and total-ling nearly 5000 yards on all varieties of offense. He was a spectacular breakaway ballcarrier.

At Syracuse, Little's underdeveloped intellect blossomed. He studied history

PHOTO CREDITS

Martin Blumenthal-16, 55. Malcolm Emmons-39 (1). Wen Roberts-29. UPI-6, 14, 20, 26, 38, 39, 43, 57, 60. Wide World -12, 38, 45.

and religion, and he read poetry, which he came to love. He also came to love a brilliant and beautiful young lady, Joyce Green, the middle class daughter of two St. Alban's, New York, schoolteachers. Joyce stepped up her program in order to graduate with Floyd, and finished with honors in just three years. After graduation, they were married.

Had Floyd graduated sooner, he would have been richer. While he was in college, pro rookies were being paid bonus contracts of up to \$500,000 from the warring NFL and AFL. The year he graduated, the leagues merged and Little settled for a four-year pact around \$130,000. In their press book, the Broncos point proudly to him as the first No. 1 draft pick they ever signed. But he was the first whose only alternative would have been to go to Canada.

The frustrations of his rookie year followed, and when an injury hampered him early in the 1968 season, some people began to wonder if he wasn't just another high-priced bust. He wasn't, and he began to prove it in the second half of '68. One Sunday, he gained 126 yards rushing against Miami. The next Sunday, he rushed for a team record 147 yards against Boston in Fenway Park. On one play, he took a pitchout, reversed his field and raced 55 yards to score. A week later, he returned a kickoff 89 yards against Oakland. The following week,

he returned a punt 67 yards against Houston in the Astrodome.

At season's end, Little had gained 584 yards (3.7 per carry) from scrimmage. He also gained 331 yards on pass receptions, and remained among the league leaders in returning punts and kickoffs. He sensed good things ahead for the Broncos.

"I remember one play in one game late that season," he says. "It wasn't the length of the run, which was short, or the game, which was just another game, but it was the execution of the play. It was perfect. Looking back on it, I seem to see it in slow motion. All the blocks worked. The hole was there. I hit it just right. Just like on the blackboard. All of a sudden, all the pieces of our jigsaw puzzle were falling into place."

Teammates were quick to spot profound changes in Little. Quarterback Steve Tensi points out, "Floyd seemed all uptight for a season or so. He seemed alone and tense. He just started to loosen up late last season and now he's really rolling." Defensive captain Dave Costa comments, "Floyd's teammates when he broke in were as green as he was, so he had no one to turn to for help. New players are afraid to bug the coaches. So he just had to find his own way through a lot of tough games."

Floyd himself recognizes his new maturity and understanding of pro football. He says,"Coach Saban used to scream and holler at me. I wasn't used to it and I didn't like it and I didn't like him. But now I can see that I wasn't a complete player and he only screams at those he thinks have a chance. I'm small and I had to learn how to block, for example. They told me to hit my man before he hit me, to stick my head into his numbers and bring my helmet up into his jaw. I tried it against Ernie Ladd and couldn't reach his jaw. I had to learn technique. I'm getting to be a fair blocker now. I'm getting to be a good pass receiver. I do other things besides run. Saban isn't yelling at me anymore.'

Saban smiles and says, "There's not much need to yell at Floyd now. The best college players still have to learn to play like pros. They must be disciplined to play the whole game, to strive for consistency on every play of every game and to sacrifice themselves for the team. Floyd does these things now. He's even begun to show our younger players how. He's become a leader."

Although he says he is the offensive captain and Costa the defensive captain only because their names are easy for the coach to spell, Little admits he does feel like an important man on the team now. He is being asked to return kicks less often, but he is being thrown to more often and is being run twice as often (20 times a game) as in past seasons. Now it's fun to carry the ball for the Broncos, because the line can open holes to exploit. "Counting variations, we have 1000 plays," says Floyd. "It took me awhile to learn them, and it was hard to get my timing right carrying only once in a series. But even at that, I could've made a lot more yardage improvising, but the coach was building a team and he insisted I run the plays as

(Continued on page 82)



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designed and hit into holes even when they weren't there. That was tough to take. I was used to getting ten every shot. I had to learn sometimes one is hard to get. Now the young blockers are improving and opening holes and I'm averaging five a crack and can see it was all worthwhile. We were practicing what we now are beginning to perfect. In another season or two, we're all going to be very good."

Little hobbled into the doctor's office after the injury in the San Diego game, and came out on crutches. But he was smiling with relief. While he would miss the next game, his knee was only sprained with nothing torn or broken that might permanently cut down on his speed as a runner. "In my case, I'd say speed is my strong point," Floyd said on the ride home. "Some are faster, but I can run as fast sideways as I can straight ahead, which few can. I can accelerate fast and shift speeds smoothly. I'm small, but that helps me to hide. I mean it. I'm hard to spot behind big linemen. Also it's hard to get down to my legs, which is the only place to bring me down. I'm strong, I have good balance and I make good use of my arms, which I swing to break tackles. I run skittery, like a mouse eluding a cat. I can't explain my moves. I don't think any good runner can. I can't copy anyone. I don't know what I'm doing until I do it, then I can never repeat it. It's some kind of instinct. I look at me on films and say, 'Jeez, that guy made a helluva move. What was that?' "

The Littles' home is in a fashionable community of solid old brick houses in the Park Hill section of East Denver. They are redoing it Spanish style. Settling down into a soft couch while his wife was off fixing supper, Floyd said, "She's a good girl, but she never had to worry. She spends and I try to save what she doesn't spend. I know what a dollar is worth-about 84 cents. It's nice to be making \$30,000 a year now. I bought a home in New Haven for my mom. We bought this house. We have two cars. But I know the time will come all of a sudden when I have to live on eight or ten thousand. I have paid-up insurance. I'm looking to go into a restaurant chain. I'm preparing.

He no longer is the uneducated, uncertain boy he was. He can discuss poetry with insight. He can discuss himself with insight. He worked as an aide to Colorado Governor John Love last summer. "I worked on minority problems," Floyd explained. "Blacks are treated well here, but there is not enough industry for unskilled labor, so there are problems. I didn't have the money or staff or skill to solve these. It depressed me. I came home at night drained. I don't think I'll do it again."

He sighed, his dark, well-shaped face wistful. "I want to help my people, but I have to find my own way," he said. "The militants think theirs is the only way. The Panthers pursued me, I turned 'em away. I do Floyd's thing. I believe a man has to do his own thing. I try to set a good example. I'd like to get into counseling so I could help boys to find their own way. If I'd been counseled, I wouldn't have left high school too dumb to fill out an application for a job as a janitor. And maybe I'd like to coach. I know football and like it. It wouldn't have to be as a head coach or for big money. But it would have to be a real job, not a token.'

For the time being, he is preoccupied with life as a player. "As a pro it's been a struggle," he said. "I had to tell my wife to stop talking football, which she knows nothing about. She couldn't understand why I didn't get the ball more and

why, when I did, I had to run into brick walls for the sake of the team. She can't understand why I can't save myself from taking risks. I been doing this thing a long time now. I know." He leaned forward, massaging his sore knee gently. His eyes closed and he winced with pain. The rah-rah amateur had surely become

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

Terry Bradshaw: The Making Of The No. 1 Draft Choice

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Confessions Of A Sports Gambler (Part II)

Great Rivalries No. 4: Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler

The Esposito Brothers Battle Each Other

A BASKET QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY FLYNN ROBINSON

(Continued from page 21)

night. And as he had anticipated. Robinson enjoyed the Chicago surroundings: he played his best games at home throughout the season. Soon, however, he had a new home again. On November 23, 1968, he was traded to Milwaukee for Bob Love and Bob Weiss.

Milwaukee was in its first year, and from the very beginning Larry Costello was a realistic and enthusiastic coach. aiming not to win a title but to break the expansion record and build for the future. Costello had made some things clear when the franchise was in infancy: "One thing I will always stress is team play. I want players who love the game. A lot of them don't, and if you don't

love the game forget it."

The '68-69 season proved love alone is not enough. Paced by Robinson's 20.3 points per game, the Bucks managed to win 27 games, the second highest number ever won by an expansion team, but it was clear that without an outstanding big man, progress would be limited. Then last March 19, Walter Kennedy flipped a coin, and two weeks

later the Bucks had a contract with the name "Alcindor" scribbled on it. Joy in Mudville. Joy in particular for Flynn Robinson, "Having Lew in the middle really helps me," he said, "especially if I get into trouble. I can always get the ball to him. They're not sagging off me to double team him like I thought they would, but it's not as crowded when I drive to the basket as it used to be. They can't climb all over me and leave Lew unguarded. And on defense we can gamble so much more knowing he's underneath.

Alcindor's reactions to playing with Robinson are complimentary and succinct: "Flynn can really put the ball in the hoop. I very rarely have to set a pick for him, and when I do he usually goes the other way and scores.

The happy court marriage of Costello, Alcindor and Robinson have at last given Flynn some measure of fame in the form of his selection to the All-Star team. Flynn made it very clear even before the balloting that "just being a member of the team is an honor. I know I'm not playing in New York and that has its disadvantages in getting a name, but Milwaukee is a helluva town, with some great people and one helluva owner." he said. "No, it's not New York, but New York's not the only city I can be happy in. Recognition is something that every athlete wants deep inside and it sometimes hurt me when other guys in the league were getting some publicity I thought I had earned the right to a part of. But recognition will come with winning, and in the end that is most impor-

It is this message that Robinson brings to groups of kids either in summer work in the ghettos or a speaking engagement in the suburbs. He takes special pride in the fact that through his efforts he has won athletic scholarships for 17 boys in the past three years. In the off-season he has been involved in recreational programs for kids in which he organizes neighborhood tournaments and holds clinics. "I tell the kids to just try to be the best at what you do, no matter what it is," says Robinson.

There are few better than Flynn Rob-

inson at what he does.

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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS

FRANK MERRIWELL IS DEAD

WE RECEIVED an interesting letter not long ago. It began this way: "I have been reading SPORT for 20 years and much preferred your Frank Merriwell-type articles to the type of drivel that appears in your magazine these days." For those of you, alas, who do not know Frank Merriwell, he was the fictional creation of one Burt L. Standish. Merriwell was a superb athlete for Yale and a saintly being whose hairbreadth triumphs, good deeds and homespun philosophy endeared him to millions of young readers.

"You never seem to consider the possibility of failure, Frank."

"The ones who consider the possibility of failure are those who fail, old fellow. . . . Confidence in one's self is an absolute requisite in the battle of life."

It is true that for many years SPORT, along with the rest of the world, treated the big-name athlete in a Frank Merriwell fashion. We were all content to dote on his prowess, on his statistics, on what he ate for breakfast, on his serene home life, on his virtues as a man. And we overlaid the portrait with a heavy helping of pancake makeup, lest any blemishes peek through. This was the tradition of sportswriting in America. We all tended to be gee-whizzers, suckers, as Paul Gallico once wrote, "for the theology of the good guy and the bad guy."

"You infernal villain!" Frank cried as his hands fell on the man and he tore the gasping girl from his clutches. "No one but a brute ever lay hands on a woman in anger, and a brute deserves a good drubbing almost any time. Here

is where you get it!"

Look how many years the Babe Ruth myth survived; that he was a kind man, generous to little children, that his only vice was an excessive fondness for frankfurters. As Leonard Shecter wrote in his provocative book, *The Jocks*: "In fact, Ruth was a gross man of gargantuan, undisciplined appetites for food, whiskey and women." The fact that such a book as *The Jocks*, a highly critical look at American sports, has enjoyed a wide audience, is further indication, we think, of the changing pattern of American sports and the growing sophistication of the American sports fan.

For sports today is a planet removed from what it was in Frank Merriwell's time. Sports today is a five-billion dollar industry and full of complex problems that are common to big business. Not the least of the problems, for the men who run the industry at least, is the growing independence of the athlete. The athlete of late has taken a stand on issues ranging from the reserve clause to racism in South African sports. The athlete is demanding more of a say in his destiny. He will not much longer be a pawn; he will not much longer submerge his own needs completely to the needs of his team. No where is this more evident than in the growing militancy of the star black athlete, who is shouting for equal treatment—off the field especially to that of his white counterpart.

"Now, Marser Frank!" cried the darky, appealingly, "don' go fo' to be too hard on a po' nigger! De trubble wif me is dat I'm jus' a nacherl bo'n coward, an' I can't git over hit nohow. Dat's what meks mah heart turn flip-flops ebry time dar's any danger, sar."

The days when the Frank Merriwells trod the land are gone and can never be reclaimed. America was once a simple land—though never as simple, or simplistic, as Burt L. Standish would have had you believe. It is simple no more.

People are troubled, people are angry, people are in revolt against the conditions of life in the second half of the 20th century. And why should athletes be any different? Today, more athletes have college educations, more athletes have better minds, more athletes have worldly outlooks, more athletes are unafraid to reveal to the public the subtleties and complexities of their nature. And this magazine will continue to try and reveal the athlete in all his subtleties and complexities, his strengths and weaknesses, his strivings and his anger. It has to be done, dear reader, because, you see, Frank Merriwell is dead.

"You've done the trick," wrote one fellow student. "When you get back to Yale, well—I reckon the town won't be big enough to hold you!"

"Dear old Yale!" exclaimed Frank.*

^{*} All italic passages in this editorial come from the book, Frank Merriwell's Alarm

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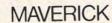
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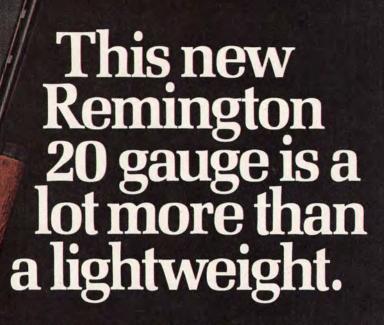
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